

Chapter 1

It was the middle of the night. A tall male with short black hair, his blue eyes flickered back and forth, looking for any signs of danger as he walked toward a house that was away from the town. He had a stick in his hand, the tip of which was glowing brightly in the night. He moved closer to the house only to see a mark in the sky. He stopped short when he recognised the mark and fear coiled in the pit of his stomach as he felt his blood turn to ice, terror started running through his body like mad. It was the Death Mark.

“Oh god no!” he hissed as he hurried over, seeing the flames coming from one side of the building. There was a body lying outside of the house. He moved closer and a flash of blonde hair shone in the moonlight. Pain shot through his heart when he recognised the body. He clutched his stomach as one hand covered his mouth and choked back a sob. “No,” Sirius Black whispered as he walked over to the body. “NO!” he screamed in anguish as he ran and slid on his knees across the mud as he landed next to the fallen woman, and he picked her up. The feminine curly blonde hair was soaked with mud; her blue eyes were dull as they stared, blankly, into the night sky. “Callie!” Sirius screamed as he rocked the body in his arms. “NO!” he roared as pain shot through his body. “Oh god, Callie,” Sirius sobbed out in anguish as he buried his face into her blonde locks and rocked her back and forth. “Why?” he asked, not understanding why she was taken from him. He continued to rock her back and forth when faint crying met his ears. His head shot up and he looked around till he found that the crying was coming from the house and his face paled as he stood up. “Oh god,” Sirius whispered as he bolted toward the house. “MIA! HARRY!” he shouted as he ran up the stairs where the crying was intensive. He burst into the room and swallowed back a sob when he saw Lily lying on the ground; her arm was reaching toward the fallen cot, he fell down on to his knees beside her. “Lily,” he whispered, pain shooting through his heart once more, he closed his eyes and looked away from her. He looked at the cot, crawled over to it and pulled the covers away only to see two one year old, raven-haired children; the girl had bright blue eyes, the same eyes as Callie, Sirius thought as pain shot through his heart, as she stared up at him. “Oh baby,” he whispered as he picked her up, hugging her close as his eyes landed on the young boy - he had deep green eyes

and Sirius gaped when he saw the scar on his forehead, his heart stopping. "No," he whispered, shaking his head in denial, there was no way... he hurried forward and picked up the young boy and hugged him close. "It'll be alright Harry, I'll keep you safe," he promised.

Sirius looked around the room when something black caught his eyes, he turned to see a large cloak lying on the ground near door and a wand, it was long and white with, what looked like skull on top of it and he felt the breath leave his body before he looked at Harry once more and understood the scar.

Voldemort must have found them and killed James, Lily and Callie. He looked back at the cloak and wand before looking back at Harry and kissed his forehead. Harry had received the scar because he had managed to defeat the one person the whole of the Wizarding world feared. He got the scar because he had survived the killing curse. Sirius rocked back on his heels when the thought sunk in, he had survived the killing curse, the one curse that there was no protection from yet Harry Potter, a one year old boy managed to survive it and get rid of Voldemort.

Suddenly another thought entered his head, he had to get the kids out of here; he never knew if there was going to be any death eaters swarming around the place, looking for their lord.

He picked them up and walked down the stairs, and paled when he saw James lying there. He fell to his knees and closed his friend's eyes. Harry let out a small whimper as he reached out and patted James' cheek, only for Sirius to feel his eyes well up when he knew that his friend or Prongs wasn't going to wake up, no matter what anyone did. Sirius turned the kids away before bowing his head in a prayer. "Rest in peace...Prongs," Sirius whispered before exiting the house. He moved away from the house and slumped down on the ground as he held the children close to him, wishing that he could go back in time and save his wife and their friends from the fate they had met. His head snapped up when he heard a cracking noise, and anger and adrenaline ran though his veins. He hoped to god that it was a death eater so he could take them out with his own bare hands

for what they had done to their family. Sirius watched in the mist as a shadow formed itself.

A large figure made its way over to Sirius; he spun around and pointed his wand at it.

“Whoa!” a male voice exclaimed. “It just me.”

“Hagrid,” Sirius sighed as relief shot through his body like a balm but the anger didn’t diminish a bit as he brought his wand down before holding the children tighter to him. Why was Hagrid here? Where were the rest of the order and the ministry? He looked back up at Hagrid with a suspicious glance. “What are you doing here?” he asked.

“I’m here to take Harry,” Hagrid told him and Sirius stood up as anger ran through his veins.

“What do you mean take him? I can look after him!” Sirius exclaimed and Hagrid shook his head, sadly.

“He is to go the Dursleys,” Hagrid told him. “He’ll be safe there.” Sirius snorted in disbelief.

“Oh come on Hagrid, they don’t care about Lily and they don’t like anything magical!” Sirius snapped as anger ran through his veins at the thought of Lily’s sister and uncle. They had rejected Lily when she had been accepted to Hogwarts and turned their nose up at anything ‘abnormal’ in their opinion. There was no way that Sirius was going to let Harry be subjected to people like them and he couldn’t understand why Dumbledore would allow that. Hagrid shook his head once more.

“Sorry, Dumbledore’s orders,” Hagrid explained and Sirius sighed - he knew he couldn’t fight on it without drawing attention, even though he was Harry’s godfather. He was now a suspect in the betrayal but he wasn’t going to give up without a fight, and made a note to plan later.

“Okay, take the bike - that’ll get you there faster,” he explained. Hagrid nodded as he took Harry and walked over to the bike. He wrapped Harry up in a blanket before putting him in a makeshift sling

bag and climbed onto the bike and pressed the button. The engine started up and he drove off before pressing a button, lifting the bike into the air before disappearing into the night.

Mia whimpered as she let one arm stretch out and turned large blue eyes to her father. Sirius felt his heart break at his daughter's upset and lonely expression as she watched her friend disappear. "I know sweetie, I know," Sirius whispered as he kissed her forehead and pulled her in further, hugging her close. "Damn you Dumbledore, how could you do this?" he muttered before turning around, and walked over to the edge before disappearing from Godric's Hollow.

He arrived at the Black's mansion, where he and Callie had decided to live because it was closer to Godric's Hollow so Harry and Mia was able to grow up together, and stepped inside the house when he was bombard by house elves.

"Master Black!" they all squeaked.

"Can you please get Mia's bedroom ready and call everyone into the living room please?" he asked and they nodded as they all hurried to do his bidding. Sirius made his way into the living room, rocking Mia as he went.

Soon all the house elves were in the living room, waiting for any news. "I'm sorry to tell you that Callie, Lily and James," Sirius told them, cracking on the words. Gasps were heard all over the room. "Voldemort has met up with them and finished them off in the fight, he is now gone thanks to Harry but at the cost," Sirius explained, anger rolling around in his body at the thought of Voldemort and at the wizarding world who allowed themselves to cower in fear of him, letting him take over the world and cause death without making one attempt to try and stop him.

"Master, where is baby Harry?" one of the house elves asked. Sirius closed his eyes in pain before looking at the house elf.

"He is currently with his aunt and uncle but I plan to bring him back home tomorrow - he belongs here with us," Sirius told them with conviction in his voice. "I want you to take the rest of the night off. Give yourself time to grieve for three amazing people who helped

Harry bring down Voldemort," Sirius told them and they nodded as he climbed the stairs to Mia's room.

He stepped in and hugged his daughter closer to him. "It's going to be okay," Sirius, whispered as he stroked Mia's hair as she fell into a deep sleep. He walked over to the cot and placed her gently into the cot before pulling over the blanket. Mia snuffled slightly before shifting then finally fell still while Sirius made his way into his bedroom.

Sirius went over to the bed and laid down on it, pulled a pillow over and breathed in the scent of his wife before burying his face into it and sobbed for the loss of his best friends and wife. "I promise you Callie, Lily and James - the wizarding world will learn what it's like to have backs turned on them when the time comes," Sirius swore angrily, but the rage disappeared as quickly as it arrived. He lowered his head onto the pillow once more and let sleep claim him, however restless it was.

Sirius made his way down the stairs the next morning, showered and dressed. He was on a mission which he planned to complete one way or another. He came to the bottom stairs and looked around for his house elf before giving in to the annoyance and frustration that they were never around to be seen due to their slavery contract. He just wished that Lily had made more of an impact on pushing the House Elves rights but it wasn't the correct time for them, and he hoped that someone would speak up for them soon.

"Dee-Di," Sirius called and she came forward out of nowhere, startling Sirius.

"Yes Master?" she asked.

"Listen, I have some errands I need to run. I want you to pack up the house and move over to our safe location," he told her and she nodded.

"Yes Master," she told him.

"If anyone comes to the house, do not let them enter at all and do not tell anyone where we are going - they will be looking for me," he warned and she nodded.

“What about Professor Dumbledore?” she asked and Sirius’s eyes hardened.

“No, he is not to be told about anything. Just tell him that I’m not here and you are not to tell him anything. I don’t trust him, not after everything that happened,” Sirius told her, she just nodded, confused.

“No problem master. Will you be taking Mia?” she asked.

“No, take her with you,” he told her and she nodded.

“Yes sir,” she answered and he sighed.

“And will you please just call me Sirius?” he pleaded and she shook her head.

“Sorry Master, that is one order I won’t obey,” she told him before bowing her head and walking off, leaving him frustrated as he looked up at the ceiling.

“Well Lily, I tried,” he muttered before walking out of the house. He disapparated from his house.

He found himself in a small town, and looked around to see everyone bustling about. Most of them were looking at the papers and pointing. Sirius shook his head when he passed the newspaper shop with the headline screaming. “Lily and James Potter Dead!” “Harry Potter, The Boy Who Lived!” and, “You-Know-Who, finally dead!” He snorted in disgust at it, but still couldn’t help but feel angry toward the wizarding world. They say they are better than muggles but the muggles do whatever it takes to prevent terrorists and war, and this world didn’t even try at all. He shook his head as he pulled his hood up to hide himself, as he didn’t want to speak to anyone till after his mission was done. He made his way over to Gringott’s, stepped into the building and walked over to the counter where the Goblins were working. He walked over to the nearest one and pushed back his hood slightly so the goblin could catch the meaning and his face.

The goblin nodded in understanding and leaned in so they could speak without raising their voices to the people near by.

“Yes?” he asked.

“I need to speak to Griphook, it’s an emergency,” he informed and the goblin nodded.

“Wait here a moment,” he told him before getting off the chair and made his way through a door. Sirius looked around the bank, fingering his wand as he did so. He didn’t trust Dumbledore not to set the Aurors on him – he was probably under the impression he gave Lily and James away. Sirius was still on alert after seeing everything at Godric’s Hollow - while the rest of the world was still celebrating that Voldemort was gone, there was still his minions, the Death Eaters, to worry about.

The goblin reappeared in front of Sirius once more and he looked down at him. “Mr Black, please follow me,” the goblin stated and Sirius nodded as he followed.

They reached a door and the goblin knocked on it twice before opening the door and let Sirius through.

“Thank you,” he told the goblin, who bowed his head and walked off, closing the door on the way.

“Mr Black, to what I own this pleasure for?” the head goblin asked from where he was sitting behind his desk. Sirius looked around - every time he came here; he was always impressed. When James and Lily found about the prophecy, they had gone to Griphook and told the Goblin that someone was betraying them but they didn’t know who. Griphook had promised them that he would look after all their assets while they went into hiding. Sirius himself had been good friends with Griphook since he was a kid. Ever since he read about the rebellion, he had agreed with the Goblins in getting equality and sided with them whenever his parents made some remark about goblins being beneath them. He thought everyone deserves equality and proved his points to Griphook, who later became fond of the young boy and took him under his wing when Sirius was cast out from his family for not accepting the pureblood rules. He made his way over to the chair and sat down on it.

“It happened. Voldemort caught up with us and Lily and James are dead,” Sirius told him, getting straight to the point and Griphook sighed heavily as sadness ran through his veins.

“I had hoped...” he trailed off and Sirius nodded too, understanding.

“Same here,” Sirius told him.

“Okay, I will put their wills into action and set their affairs in order,” Griphook told him and Sirius nodded.

“A couple more things - lock down the vaults,” he told Griphook and the goblin looked at him.

“Are you sure?” he asked and Sirius nodded.

“Yeah, keep the interest coming and put everything that goes to Harry and Mia in their vaults, put everything that goes to me in my vault. Lock it down. I don’t want Dumbledore or someone from the ministry getting their paws on what belongs to the children. I don’t trust Dumbledore at the moment, especially with the way everything is going,” Sirius told him and Griphook nodded.

“Is there anything else?” he asked and Sirius sighed.

“Yeah, Callie is dead too,” Sirius whispered, the pain evident in his voice and Griphook slumped down in his chair.

“She was caught in the crossfire?” he asked and Sirius nodded.
“Okay, shall I lock down her vault too?” he asked and Sirius nodded.

“Yes, I don’t want any of her stuff to go missing - Harry and Mia will go through it when they are older,” Sirius told him and Griphook nodded.

“What about the weapon vaults and all of the old Black Vaults?” Griphook asked.

“Keep them open for Mia, Harry, Narcissa and Draco Malfoy and I. I don’t trust Lucius when it comes to Narcissa and I want them to have their own money,” Sirius told them. “Lock it down from anyone else.”

“Okay,” Griphook told him as he wrote it all down before frowning. “Hm, it looks like Dumbledore had asked to be the guardian of Harry’s wealth,” Griphook muttered before scratching something out. “We’ll see about that Mister Dumbledore.”

“Can I have lists of all the properties that Harry, the Blacks, and Callie owned?” Sirius asked. “You never know where we might have to go to be safe,” Sirius warned him and Griphook nodded.

“No problem there Mr Black,” Griphook stated as he lifted a hand and a 13 rolls of parchment flew out from their holder and made their way over to Griphook, who looked over them, nodded and handed them over to Sirius. He shrunk them down and placed them in his pocket. “Do you have any way of me being able to us my money in the muggle world instead of me coming over here, as I’m gonna head into hiding with Mia and hopefully Harry, if I can get him away from those damn muggles that Dumbledore has put him with,” Sirius told him and Griphook nodded.

“Yes, we have been researching the muggle world and we have found that they use bank card to be able to take money out and pay for things. It will work both in the magical world and the muggle world and its non traceable so you don’t have to worry about the ministry having to find where you are hiding,” Griphook told him and he nodded in relief.

“I’ll take three thanks, one for Harry, Mia and me,” Sirius told him. “I will try and contact Narcissa to let her know of my plans,” he told him and Griphook nodded.

“I will get all this sorted out. Here are your cards,” Griphook told him as he pulled out three cards and handed them to Sirius who took them and placed them in his pocket. “As for your keys, I will call the extras back and have them safe in the vaults so the children can give them to the people they trust the most,” Griphook told him as he handed Sirius the vault keys and Sirius nodded.

“Thank you Griphook,” Sirius told him as he stood up and they both shook hands. “Pleasure at doing business with you,” Sirius told him and Griphook bowed his head.

“After this, if anyone asks, I have not seen you at all,” Griphook told him as Sirius left the room. Griphook turned back to the paper and placed it into the ‘in’ box, where it disappeared and went into action. He nodded before sitting back down.

Sirius made his way out into the street, he looked around before making his way over to the apparating area, and disapparated from Diagon Alley and into a dark alley in the muggle world. He stepped out and looked around till he spotted a familiar person ducking in and out of shops.

“Got cha,” Sirius hissed as he slipped out of the alley and made his way over to a short pudgy man with thinning brown hair. “Hello Peter,” Sirius greeted casually as he held tight onto his temper to refrain it from getting out. The man stopped short and froze on the spot. He slowly turned around to see Sirius standing there, his eyes hard as he flicked through a magazine that he had picked up.

“Sirius,” Peter stuttered out.

“Let’s go for a walk, huh?” Sirius suggested before putting the magazine down and pushed Peter out onto the street and shoved him further down so they were away from the muggles that surrounded the area. “So, how is life these days now that Voldemort has bit the dust?” Sirius demanded as his temper started to slip through.

“I’m sorry!” Peter started but Sirius spun around, rage filling his dark blue eyes.

“You shouldn’t have betrayed them Peter,” Sirius told him.

“I had no choice, when the dark lord commands, you must follow it!” Peter told him and Sirius snorted in disgust and disbelief.

“We were your friends first Peter, you sold us out!” Sirius snapped out, angrily as his fingered his wand.

“I’m sorry Sirius, but he was too powerful!” Peter exclaimed; fear entering his voice but Sirius wasn’t fooled.

“No!” Sirius snapped. “You were too weak! You allowed yourself to be taken in by him - you should have been stronger! Lily, James and Callie are dead! Mia has no mother and Harry has no parents at all! You did that to them!” Sirius shouted. “Now it’s time for justice.”

Sirius raised his wand, ready to kill Peter when a flash and smoke started filling the area. Peter disappeared; leaving a thumb on the ground while Aurors covered the area.

Sirius looked around, he hadn’t even cast a spell when the smoke came out of nowhere when something small and brown caught his eye, he turned and saw a small brown rat scurrying toward the drain and understanding ran through his body.

Peter had changed himself into his animagus shape, the rat and Sirius noted that the rat had a finger missing and understanding dawned on him once more as he looked at the thumb, he has been framed.

“Put the wand down now Black!” the leader order while Sirius laughed madly at the ironic situation.

“Oh that fucking back stabber,” Sirius, muttered under his breath as he tried to tamp down on his anger but it wasn’t working well.

“You are under arrest for the murder of Lily Evans Potter, James Potter, Callie Black and Peter Pettigrew,” the leader shouted and Sirius turned around to face him through a red haze.

“If you want me, you gotta catch me. I’m not letting a bunch of idiots ruin the wizarding world because you can’t figure out the real killer,” Sirius informed him, coldly, before he disapparated from the area.

“Damn!” the leader shouted out in frustration as he kicked a stone.

“Find him and bring him back at all cost!” another man shouted and the leader started shouting out orders as he did so.

Sirius found himself in a back garden; and he let out a deep breath before shaking himself. He had one more mission left and it wasn’t going to get screwed up like the last one. He walked over to the

house of the back garden he was in, making sure that no one was around to see him sneaking about.

Sirius looked in the window and growled as rage flared up in his body when he saw Harry. The child had a tin of cold beans in front of him, and was still in his clothes and same nappy that Sirius had rescued him in. While Petunia fed and gave attention to her baby, who, Sirius noticed, was quite fat, he could feel his lips curl up into a sneer. Sirius could never understand or comprehend how Petunia came from a family like Lily's.

“Right Petunia, I’m heading off to work,” a large man stated as he stepped through and Sirius felt disgust running through his veins, Vernon Dursley stood there and bent down at the waist and pinched his son’s cheek. “How’s my champion?” he asked, joyfully, causing the baby to giggle. Not one of them turned to greet Harry once.

“He’s been a very good boy, haven’t you?” Petunia cooed to her baby boy, who gurgled up at her. Vernon smiled proudly; he looked at Harry with a disgusted glare obvious on his face before he turned back to his wife. “What are we going to do about the freak?” he asked.

Petunia looked at Harry with a glare of her own and shook her head.

“Leave him alone, he’ll have to feed himself sooner or later by himself because I’m not helping him,” Petunia stated with disgust mingling in her tone before she turned back to her son and smiled again. Vernon nodded in agreement before leaving the kitchen.

Sirius walked toward the edge of the house and peered round the corner, watching as Vernon climbed into his car and peeled out of the driveway before walking, determinedly, back toward the kitchen door. He braced himself, lifted up a foot and kicked in the door, startling the residents inside.

Sirius burst through the door, causing Petunia to scream as she spun around to face the intruder.

“How dare you!” she shouted as she clutched her heart and held her son close to her, without a thought for Harry’s well being, who was

now smiling and laughing as he looked up at his godfather. Sirius just snarled at Petunia.

“How Lily found it in her heart to love you is beyond me,” Sirius snapped at her, frustrated at the situation and how self-absorbed Petunia could be. “I’ll be taking Harry.”

He picked up the now giggling child and left the house. “You’re coming with me, cub,” Sirius told Harry happily, tickling the baby’s side. He smiled when Harry laughed before hugging and disappearing from Privet Drive for good, leaving the muggles to live their life in peace like they wanted before Harry showed up, unwanted, on their doorsteps.

Sirius Apparated in the backyard of a house, where there were tall trees and bushes covering them from any detection. He moved over to the door and opened it. Dee-Di smiled and walked over to him. Sirius nodded as he looked around the kitchen, it looked like his old kitchen, but it wasn’t. They were now living in the muggle world where they were safe from the ministry and Dumbledore, add in the fact that it was unplottable so that no one could find them and wouldn’t be able to detect any magic. All Sirius could do was hope that it would be a permanently safe house for the kids and had a feeling that it would be.

“Master Black, you’re home and you have Baby Master Potter,” Dee-Di told him, happiness and excitement shining in her voice and Sirius smiled back.

“Yes Dee-Di, I brought him home. Could you make up some lunch for the kids please?” he asked and she nodded.

“Yes Master Black, I will find you when it’s ready,” she told him before bowing her head and walked off, leaving Sirius shaking his head in annoyance and amusement. No matter what he did and how many times he told her, she still called him Master.

“You see why your mother wanted the house elves to be free buddy? It was so they would stop calling her mistress,” Sirius teased, causing Harry to giggle in his arms. He walked into the living room where Mia was playing with her toys; and she turned to face her dad and smiled.

Sirius set Harry on the ground and smiled when he and Mia crawled to each other, giggling as they greeted each other in baby talk and he nodded. This was the way it was supposed to be and he was going to make sure they had everything they ever wanted.

Chapter 2: 9 Years Later

“MIA, HARRY, GET OUT OF BED!” a male voice shouted. A ten-year-old girl bolted up in her bed, black curly hair sticking up slightly as she yawned and rubbed her eyes before climbing out, clad in her baby pink PJ trousers and top. She made her way out of her bedroom and walked through the hallway before walking into another room.

A black haired kid was sleeping under the covers; his hair was sticking up from all the rolling he had done through the night before. She moved closer.

“Time to get up,” she told the boy, only to get a mumble in return, causing her to roll her eyes. She reached under the covers and yanked the pillow out from under Harry’s head and whacked him over the head with it. “I’ll keep hitting you till you get up,” she told him.

“I’m up,” he mumbled as he sat up. She threw the pillow down before climbing into bed with him.

“Why does he have to get us up at six?” she whined and Harry snorted.

“Probably due to the fact we have training,” Harry told her. They both looked at each other before rolling their eyes and climbed out of bed. Mia headed back to her own room and they both came out a couple of minutes later dressed in joggers, trainers and strapped top for Mia, a vest for Harry.

“Have fun kiddies,” Sirius called out as they both headed out through the kitchen door. They waved back before shutting the door behind them and set off on their morning jog.

“Where do you wanna go?” Harry asked and Mia looked around.

“Let’s jog in the park,” she told him and he nodded as they both stretched their legs and backs before starting off.

A blue car pulled up outside Sirius’ safety house and two figures stepped out and moved over to the front door. The taller figure

opened the door and let the smaller figure step into the house as the former stepped in behind latter and shut the door behind them.

A short blonde male stepped into the house; his grey eyes looked around the hallway while a tall female stepped inside. She had long black hair and deep blue eyes. She ushered the young man toward the kitchen.

They stepped into the kitchen where they saw Sirius standing at the oven, cooking while juggling the jugs of juice. The young man covered his mouth to stifle his laughter while the female crossed her arms and rolled her eyes.

“Need any help Uncle Sirius?” the young man asked as he snapped his fingers and the jugs disappeared from Sirius’ arms and arranged themselves on the table. Sirius just glared at the young man in mock annoyance. Draco, Mia and Harry had been doing wandless magic since they were babies, and they forever delighted in teasing everyone by doing so.

“Morning Draco,” Sirius greeted and the blonde saluted him. “Hey Narcissa,” Sirius greeted his sister; and she nodded as she moved closer to help him set the table with the plates.

“Kids still out on their run?” she asked and Sirius nodded.

“Yeah,” he told her as he watched Draco start to pile up on the food, looking at him in amusement.

“You better leave some for Mia and Harry otherwise you’ll be in trouble,” he teased; as Draco rolled his eyes.

“She’s not gonna do anything to me,” Draco stated and Narcissa arched her eyebrow.

“That’s funny, I seem to remember the time she hexed your hair so it would change colours, showing your mood and made sure it lasted for a week,” Narcissa informed him and got a glower in return while Sirius laughed.

“Oh man, that was great!” Sirius stated and Narcissa smothered a smile as she looked at her brother. “Especially when it stayed black throughout the whole thing, showing that he was mad.”

“It wasn’t that funny,” Draco shot at him and Sirius laughed.

“Yes it was; it just proves that she’s Callie’s daughter through and through. Callie did the exact same thing to James when he pissed her off,” Sirius explained and Draco struggled to fight down the smile threatening to show on his face.

“I remember that,” Narcissa told him. “Lily thought the whole thing was hilarious and McGonagall was so annoyed because it lasted for two weeks and kept interrupting her lessons.”

“Really?” Draco asked and Sirius nodded as he laughed.

“Oh yeah, kept going blue to green to red then it would turn bright yellow, it was even more annoying at night because she charmed it to shine brightly in the night,” Sirius explained. “Have you ever tried getting to sleep when you have flashing colours blaring brightly in your face?” he asked and Draco shook his head. “We got fed up so we shut the curtains but James couldn’t sleep because it was *his* hair.”

“Oh man, that sounds funny,” Draco stated with a snicker and Sirius nodded.

“Just be happy that she didn’t charm your hair into a night light,” Sirius warned him and Draco nodded.

“Good thing she hadn’t worked out the other thing that Callie did to James,” Narcissa stated to Sirius and he burst out laughing as the memory hit him hard.

“Oh Man! That was a total classic, I don’t think I’ve ever heard James in such a bad mood,” Sirius informed her and Narcissa laughed as well.

“What?” Draco asked, curious and they turned to look at him before looking at each other.

“Tell you when you’re older buddy,” Sirius promised and he turned back to Narcissa. “Lets go into the training room and sort out what training the kids are going to do,” he told her and she nodded.

“Have fun eating sweetie and don’t eat too much,” Narcissa warned and he nodded as he watched his mother and uncle head into the training room before shaking his head.

“What the *hell* did Aunt Callie do to Uncle James?” he asked himself when he heard the backdoor open.

Mia and Harry came to a stop outside the backdoor -both of them were breathing heavily and sweat tracks were showing clearly on their tops.

“Damn, that was a good run,” Mia stated and Harry nodded as he moved over to the door and opened it. He let Mia step through first before stepping in himself and shutting the door behind them as they made their way into the kitchen.

“Hey,” a male voice greeted, they looked up to see Draco sitting at the table, tucking into his food.

“Morning Draco,” Mia greeted and he grinned.

“How come you’re here early? You’re usually arrive at the same time we come back,” Harry pointed out and Draco smirked.

“Because I went for my run earlier, couldn’t sleep,” he explained and Harry nodded as he and Mia stood up straight and started stretching their muscles out before they settled themselves at the table and took a drink of orange juice.

“We got training?” Mia asked and Draco nodded.

“Mom and Uncle Sirius are in the training room, they’re trying to figure out what we should do today,” he explained and Harry nodded.

“What do you think we’ll do?” Mia asked as she filled her plate.

“Hopefully weapons or defence,” Draco stated as he went to pinch a sausage off her plate only for his fingers to be stopped when Mia slammed her fork into the table, inches away from his hand.

“Don’t even think about it,” she growled at him, causing Draco to throw up his hands and move away from her while Harry smirked.

“You never learn,” Harry teased as Draco looked at him. “You can’t touch her food without risking death,” he reminded and Draco rolled his eyes.

“I’m her cousin, we’re supposed to share our food,” Draco whined and Harry snorted as he picked up his glass of pumpkin juice while Mia scoffed.

“As if, get your own,” she shot at him.

“Oh come on,” Draco pouted and Mia shot him a glare.

“And that doesn’t work on me,” she taunted back before tucking into her food, rubbing it in Draco’s face while he glared at her before turning back to face Harry, who was looking at them amused.

“You do realise you’re suppose to be on my side?” he asked and Harry laughed as he threw up his hands.

“Forget it,” Harry told them. “I got in between you guys once and I’ve got the scars to prove it and I have no desire to go through that again,” he informed them.

“We didn’t mean to hit you!” they both exclaimed and Harry shook his head again.

“I don’t care, I’m not going through that again, you changed my hair colour, which took me five days to fix,” Harry shot at Draco. “And you changed my skin tone, giving me yellow skin with purple spots!” he exclaimed to Mia.

“But you looked so cute!” Mia exclaimed and Harry glared at her while Draco choked on his food while laughing.

“He looked like a barney!” Draco spluttered out in between laughers as they finished their breakfast.

“It wasn’t funny!” Harry exclaimed and they both look at him before laughing once more, causing Harry to roll his eyes as he stood up and took their plates and placed them in the dishwasher. He turned around to face them once more.

“Beside, you two can’t talk,” he stated with a smirk and they both shut up so fast, Harry could have sworn that someone pressed the mute button.

“Oh, that was a low blow,” Mia muttered to him, darkly and Harry grinned.

“Whatever you say, Miss Roo,” he teased and Mia growled at him. Draco had cast a spell that made Mia jump constantly and it lasted for four hours, it didn’t matter if she was sitting or not, she was still bouncing, much to the amusement of Harry and Sirius.

He turned to face Draco, who was laughing. “And for you, Mr Rainbow,” Harry stated and Draco glowered at him.

“Another low blow Potter,” Draco growled at him. Mia had thrown a curse at him that caused him to change colours. Every part of his body-changed colours, his eyes, his body; his hair, even his nails!

“Hey, you guys teased me first, expect payback,” Harry reminded as he moved back over to the table when Narcissa stepped into the kitchen.

“Okay kids, are you ready?” Narcissa asked and Harry looked up.

“Yep,” he told her. “What’s on the agenda today Aunt Cissy?” he asked.

“Weapon training,” she informed them and Draco pumped a fist.

“Oh yes!” he exclaimed and she shook her head as she looked at her son in amusement.

"I will never understand why you three like weapons more than magic," she informed them and Mia grinned up at her Aunt.

"Maybe it's due to the fact we can kick the DE butts with them as they don't like anything muggle," Mia told her.

"And the guns are brilliants to use," Harry chimed in.

"I like the sword better," Draco told them and Mia grinned as she titled her head back.

"Mine is the twist twin blades," she told them and Harry grinned.

"You just like that because it's like a boomerang and it can slide through people's body parts," Harry stated and she shot him a glare before sticking out her tongue, causing Narcissa to laugh.

"Okay, come on you three," she told them and they hurried after her as she left the room.

They arrived into the room to see Sirius sorting through the weapons, so Harry looked around. They were on the ground floor and at each corner were four pillars with footholds, enabling people to climb up them. At the back of one wall there were moving targets that moved back and forth. Nearer to the front, there were dummies that stood on the stand. They were there for the children to practice defence and weapon on.

The top floor had banister around the edge and there were some ropes handing from the ceiling, allowing people to leap across the banister and grab on to them. There was also a top floor so that when they were using weapons that fly through the air, they were out of harms way and had an easier spot to pick the targets off from.

Sirius stood off to one side where there was a large cabinet that was open, showing the weapons and two large trunks at the bottom. The cabinet had battle axes, swords, knifes, twist blades - they were like the blades of a battle axe, but missing the long handle, enabling it to fly across the room like a Frisbee The boxes that stored guns of all types: sniper guns, pistols, rifles, automatic guns and even tasers. There was a mixture of crossbows, including one where you held it

vertical, allowing the bolt to fly through the air. The other crossbow was a typical style that could be held horizontal and they just had to squeeze the trigger to fire the bolt. There were other weapons but Harry couldn't see them all as Sirius moved back in front of the boxes, blocking his view.

There were mats on the floor for when they were practicing defence. Sirius had charmed them to be firm but soft enough that they didn't enable any serious injuries; explaining to the kids that there wouldn't be any mats in the real world and they had to learn what it was like to hit the ground hard when knocked out.

"Are we working solo?" Mia asked as she moved closer and Sirius nodded.

"Yeah, you guys need to improve on your techniques more," Sirius explained as he threw the crossbow, she caught it and looked at it. It was a metallic blue colour with the string being silver. "Get up on the banister and shoot these targets," Sirius ordered.

Mia nodded as she slung the crossbow over her shoulder before grabbing the bag filled with bolts/arrows and shouldered that too before moving over to the pillar where the footholds were placed.

Mia smirked as she climbed her way up the pillar before swinging herself up onto the banister. She turned around and faced the moving targets, grabbing her bow and lining up the bolt. She smirked again as she got the targets in view before letting loose.

The bolt flew through the air before it slammed its way through the dummy's torso, where the heart was, splinters scattering through the air.

"Oi!" Draco called out and Mia looked over the edge only to see Draco glaring at her while splinters covered his hair.

"You should have moved," she called back down and Draco muttered as he turned back to face Harry.

"You should have moved," he mocked and Harry grinned.

“Hey, you know how good she is when it comes to the crossbow. I can’t wait to see what she will be like when it comes to real people,” Harry reminded and Draco nodded as he rubbed his hands.

“Hope the Death Eaters get a move on,” Draco told him. “As much I like using the practice targets, I want some real action,” Draco informed and Harry nodded.

“Same here. I know Mia is more than ready but remember - they are still in hiding, and only come when something major starts up,” Harry reminded and Draco nodded.

“I know,” Draco stated before looking around. “What am I working on?” Draco asked his mother.

“Guns,” Narcissa told him as she handed him two 9 millimetre Glocks, Draco silently admired the way the light bounced off the gun, and enjoyed the stealth advantage the silencers gave him when he fired it.

“Nice,” he said. He threw one into the before catching it, twirling it on his finger, and then pulling the trigger after taking careful aim at the dummy. The bullet landed right between the eyes of the dummy.

Harry nodded in approval as he moved closer to Draco.

“Nice,” he replied and Draco shot him a smirk as Harry turned to face Sirius. “What am I on?” Harry asked and Sirius threw him a sword. Harry took it and swung it around, testing its weight.

He spun around quickly and slice the sword through the dummy, splitting it into two parts and Mia smirked.

“Gee Harry, slow aren’t you?” Mia teased and Harry flipped her off. “Tsk, Tsk Harry, now that’s no way to treat a woman,” she teased back and Draco laughed as he clapped Harry on the back.

“And aren’t I glad that I don’t live with her,” Draco informed him, causing Sirius and Narcissa to laugh.

“Okay, blindfolds on,” Narcissa called out as threw two blindfolds toward the boys before throwing another up at Mia, who caught it. All

three of them slipped their blindfolds on and stood still, letting their other senses take over for the loss of sight.

“You guys know what to do,” Sirius told them as he steered Draco off to one side while Narcissa steered Harry off to another.

“Stay where you are Mia, you’re in the correct position,” Narcissa shouted up to Mia, who gave thumbs up.

“Search out with your other sense, let your instincts take over and let it guide you,” Sirius coached as he watched them tense up before they all let out a deep sigh as their body relaxed.

“They’re ready,” Narcissa whispered. Sirius nodded as he reached over and slammed his hand down on a lever.

Mia lifted her bow and started pulling bolt after bolt, letting them fly through the air. She heard popping sounds before spinning around, kicking at something. Her feet hit something hard and she could feel it popping under her foot before she lined another bolt up and let it fly through the air, causing another pop. She stopped and took a deep breath as she brought down the bow but kept her blindfold on.

Draco lifted his guns and concentrated before his head snapped up and one gun aimed to one side while the other pointed to the opposite side. He squeezed the triggers and popping sounds sounded through the room. Draco brought the guns round to his front and squeezed the triggers again and there was another popping sound. He brought the guns down and took a deep breath, not once moving to remove the blindfold.

Harry swished the sword through the air as he concentrated on his hearing, when he felt a whooshing. Air rushed over his face and he spun around, bringing the sword down. This caused a pop and he spun around once more, twisting the blade down hard, there was a loud smacking and another pop sounded throughout the room.

Harry felt the hair rising up on the back of his neck; and he spun around once more, thrusting the blade hard. He could feel the air blowing against his face and he let out a breath before stepping back and standing up straight.

“Okay, you can take your blindfolds off,” Sirius stated. They pulled their blindfolds off and noticed the deflated dummies that surrounded them and the popping noises made sense; they had popped whenever something hit them.

“Good work kids,” Narcissa told them. “You guys got them all.”

“Alright,” Mia exclaimed as she pumped fist. Sirius smirked as she put the bow over her shoulder and climbed onto the ledge, where she shimmied her way down the pillar and landed with a soft thump, bending her knees before straightening up and walked over to them.

“What now,” Mia asked and it was Narcissa’s turn to smirk.

“One on one,” Narcissa called out and Draco grabbed his double ended sword, the base of which was sliver and black mixing in together with red was in between, giving off the impression that it was blood. Harry raised the one he had that was also a doubled ended sword but the base was narrower, and it was red and gold. It was the same sword his father had used when he was young. They met each other in the middle, both bowing before snapping their heads and swords up at the same time, causing the swords to clang together.

Harry used his strength and pushed Draco’s sword to the side, causing Draco to spin around and thrust near Harry’s chest. Harry knocked it away with his blade and swung the sword toward Draco’s neck, who ducked down and rolled across the floor before standing back up and brought the sword down on Harry’s back. Harry spun around and blocked, pushing Draco back with a thrust of the blade while Draco thrust yet again before they both stopped.

“Draw,” Sirius called out when he saw that Harry had his sword lined up at Draco’s chest and Draco had his sword lined up near Harry’s head.

“Mia, your turn with Draco!” Narcissa called out. Mia smirked as she grabbed the sword from her father; which was a smaller blade that suited her weight. She looked at it and saw it was a one sided blade, the other edge was more jagged. Harry and Draco had teased her that it suited to her personality - she could be sweet and smooth when she wanted to be, but if you pissed her off, you better look out

for a bumpy road. Mia could make your life hell. The base of the sword was silver with a sapphire crystal adoring the middle, and she grasped it and took Harry's place as he moved over to the bench, wiping his sweat off with a towel before taking a sip of water. He watched as Mia swung the sword in the air before taking her stance.

Draco and Mia bowed down before Mia spun around and sliced her sword toward Draco's side, causing Draco to swing his weapon down and block it. He then knocked it out of the way as he lifted his sword and swung it toward her direction, causing Mia to jump backward as their swords clanged together. She pushed at his sword and swished the blade through the air, slicing across his chest. Draco ducked and rolled once more before standing and thrusted his sword out; only for Mia to swing her sword from her side and they both froze as Sirius shook his head in amusement.

"Draw!" Narcissa called out when she saw that Draco's sword was lined up at Mia's heart while Mia's sword was lined at Draco's side.

"Harry, Mia!" Sirius called out. Harry got up and grabbed his sword and took Draco's place while Draco took Harry's place on the bench.

Harry twisted his sword through their air while Mia smirked as threw her own, letting it twist before it fell where she caught it by the handle.

"Show off," Harry told her and she winked.

"I'm a girl, Harry, learn," she teased him and he laughed as they both bowed before their swords met each other in the air. Mia took a step back as Harry took a step forward, their swords still hitting each other in the air as they fought the other.

Harry ducked down, swinging his sword toward Mia's legs, causing her to jump and somersault over his back. Harry spun around and caught her sword just before it came down on his head and pushed her back before swinging his blade horizontal. This forced Mia into bending backward so the blow missed her before she stood up straight and swung her sword upward. Harry brought his sword round again and they both stopped.

They smirked at each other as sweat dripped from their bodies and Narcissa covered her mouth to stifle her laughter. The kids had been doing this since they were young - all three of them were so well matched when it came to battling that none of them could actually get a hit in. And that was not to mention their bantering - they always found some way to tease each other. She turned to look at her cousin with a swell of pride. She knew the kids were skilled but it didn't stop her from being even more proud of them when she saw them in action. Draco clapped his hands and Sirius shook his head, muttering under his breath - he knew that he had asked for it when he told them that they needed more work, and he knew that they had perfected their sword skills but still worried. He couldn't help muttering under his breath in annoyance of his children's bantering while at the same time comparing his children with the Marauders. Mia was so much like Callie when she bantered with James, Draco was so much like Lupin, who preferred to stay on the sidelines but liked teasing Callie whenever he got the chance, and Harry was so much like James. Sirius shook his head as he looked at his sister and smiled at the amused look on her face before turning back to the children.

"Draw!" Sirius called out as he watched as Harry and Mia hold their swords to the other's throat and shook his head. "I don't think we should get you to duel weapons any more. Nobody wins," Sirius pointed out.

"Give them the dummies to practice on," Narcissa suggested and Sirius nodded as he pondered while Narcissa turned to the kids. "Good work," she told them and they nodded as they placed their swords in the cabinet before grabbing other weapons and they practiced for a few more hours till Sirius called it to a halt when he saw the time.

"We better get washed," Harry informed them and they nodded as they hurried up to their bedrooms while Sirius and Narcissa walked into the kitchen.

"They're getting better," she told Sirius as they prepared the lunch and Sirius nodded. "Yep, I just hate this," he told her and Narcissa nodded as she placed her hand on Sirius' shoulder.

"I know you do but we promised Callie, Lily and James that we would train the kids if it ever came to it," Narcissa whispered and Sirius nodded before hanging his head.

"I just wish..." he trailed off and Narcissa squeezed his shoulder, understanding what he was talking about.

Narcissa wasn't blind; she knew how much her brother missed his wife. She was the fire, the spark in Sirius' life. The kids helped to keep the fire going but Narcissa could see it wasn't burning as brightly as it used to do when he was with Callie.

"She fought them Sirius, she gave up her life for them to help bring down Voldemort. She is still around," Narcissa reminded and Sirius nodded.

"I know, there are times I swear I could feel her in the room but it isn't the same," he explained and she nodded.

"It's going to be okay," she whispered as she hugged her brother tight. She remembered when she saw Sirius. It was after he had gone into hiding with Mia and Harry.

"Sirius?" Narcissa asked as she stepped into the kitchen. She saw Sirius sitting at the table, staring blankly at a photo in his hand. She moved closer to him and sat down beside him.

"I miss her," Sirius murmured, Narcissa took the photo away from his hands and brought it round to face her and felt her heart tighten. Callie Black was smiling up at the photo, winking every now and then with a flirting smile. Her blonde hair shone in the light while her blue eyes were lit up with love as she stared at Sirius, who was also in the picture. Sirius was laughing at something Callie had said. His black hair gleamed in the light while his blue eyes shone brightly with love.

Narcissa put the photo down and turned back to her brother. She missed Callie too. Callie had been like a sister to her, who supported Narcissa when she told her family that she was going to marry Lucius Malfoy and supported her when Narcissa's marriage started falling at the seams. Narcissa was about to leave Lucius when she found out

that she was pregnant and decided to try her marriage once more, for the sake her son.

Callie had made it clear that she wasn't happy but she had supported Narcissa. Both of them were happy when they found out that they were pregnant together and life got better when Lily revealed that she was also expecting.

All three women joked how their kids would be like brothers and sisters that lived in separated houses.

"I know you do," Narcissa whispered as she reached out and touched Sirius' shoulder. "I miss her too," she admitted. "The way how she could light up a room with just a smile," and Sirius laughed.

"I loved how she played pranks on everyone and pulled it off because no one would dare suspect her," Sirius told her and Narcissa let out a half sob, half laugh.

"All the teachers loved her," Narcissa whispered and Sirius nodded.

"I just wish that she lived, that Mia has a mother and Harry had his parents," Sirius admitted. "Not have to learn about them second hand and from photos," he explained and Narcissa agreed.

"I know, but they are strong kids, they have strong parents. They'll make it," Narcissa told him and he nodded.

"I know," he whispered. "God Harry looks so much like James but he has Lily's heart of gold," Sirius told her and she laughed.

"Mia?" she asked and he laughed.

"She acts too much like Callie, she has Callie's eyes," Sirius admitted and Narcissa sighed.

"Can I see them?" she asked and Sirius nodded as he led the way into the playroom. Narcissa stopped in the doorway when she saw Harry and Mia. Harry was dressed in dark blue baby robes while Mia was dressed in dark red baby robes. Both of them had their hands up toward the air and Narcissa felt her breath catch in her throat.

Colourful balls of lights floated in the air. “Oh, my...” she trailed off and Sirius nodded.

“Cissy, they are only a year old and they are already doing wandless magic,” Sirius explained and Narcissa shook her head.

“Sirius,” she started and he looked at her. “Draco has been doing the same thing,” she admitted and Sirius’ eyes went wide.

“What?” he asked and she nodded.

“I walked into his room last night because he was giggling, colourful lights were floating around the room, the exact same as theirs,” Narcissa told him as she pointed to the kids, pride and fear filling her veins. She was proud of them for establishing this feat but she felt fear for the unknown. What was going to happen to them when they got older?

“Bring him for training,” Sirius told her and she looked at him.

“What?” she asked.

“I’m training the kids as they get older. We know that Voldemort isn’t going to stay dead,” Sirius told her and she nodded as she thought about it.

“I’ll ask him when he gets older, I know that Lucius wants to try and see if he can get Draco to accept being a death eater. I want Draco to have a choice,” she told him and Sirius nodded.

“Fair enough,” Sirius told her.

Narcissa snapped out of her memories and turned back to cooking the lunch when the kids stepped back into the kitchen. They made their way over to the table as they bickered about something, sitting down.

“What are you kids arguing about this time?” Sirius asked as he placed the plates of spaghetti on the table in front of the kids.

“Just arguing what film is the best,” Mia explained as she picked up her fork and dug into her lunch.

“I’m still siding with Blade,” Draco stated.

“No way!” Harry argued. “The Punisher with Tom Jane is the best!”
Mia snorted.

“Final Destination 3!” she shot at them and Harry smirked.

“You only like it because you fancy the pants off Ryan Merriman and you wanted Wendy and Kevin to get together,” Harry informed her and she arched her eyebrows. Sirius shook his head, he knew that they shouldn’t be watching these movies but they had a habit of sneaking out of bed and nicking the Dvds without him knowing, though he didn’t know why he was so surprised because he used to do the same thing. He was glad they lived in the muggle world rather than the magical world because it meant more fun for the kids.

“What’s this about you fancying a boy name Ryan?” Sirius asked and Mia rolled her eyes.

“I think he’s cute, beside, I’m not the one who drools all over Mary Elizabeth Winstead whenever she comes on screen,” she shot at the boys. “And they do get together, in the book mind you,” she informed him and Harry and Draco just shook their heads.

“You and your obsession with that book. You’ve had it for two days and you’re still re-reading it!” Draco told her and she rolled her eyes.

“You just don’t get the finesse of books,” she informed Draco who scoffed as he turned back to his lunch.

“Why bother - seeing it in action on TV is more thrilling,” Draco stated and Harry nodded as he pointed his fork at Draco.

“He has a point.” Mia shook her head at the hopelessness of the boys.

“I know but I still like the book better,” she informed them.

“God, you three are too much,” Narcissa told them as she and Sirius sat at the table. Even though the kids didn’t act like they were 10 for Harry and Mia, 11 for Draco, they still found ways to revert back to their normal ages. She sighed mostly to herself as she thought about why they acted older than they were. Training was enough to do that to anyone - they had been trained since they were babies and were forced to shoulder the responsibilities of having to deal with the fact that Voldemort was going to come back one day. That Harry had been marked, thanks to his scar, only intensified the burden. She sometimes wished that they could stay children forever but she knew it was impossible.

“And you know, I don’t remember giving you permission to watch these films,” Sirius spoke up, causing the kids to grin at each other with sheepish expressions.

“We got bored,” Draco admitted. “It was the time when I stayed over because it was my birthday. We got fed up watching the kiddie movies and snuck down stairs,” Draco started.

“We saw your collections of Dvds and looked through them till we found films that were interesting to us,” Mia explained.

“Hence us being knowledgeable about these films,” Harry admitted and Sirius sighed.

“You know, I don’t even know why I bother, you are too much like Cissy, James and Callie. You always find someway to do something you’re not allowed,” Sirius informed them and got a thump on the arm from Narcissa.

“Hey!” she snapped, mock offence filling her tone and he smirked.

“Oh come on Cissy, you know it’s true,” Sirius teased. Narcissa just snorted as she turned back to the kids without affirming or denying Sirius’ statement.

“What films did you find?” Narcissa asked and the kids grinned.

“Final Destination. Mia liked the 3rd one better. Also, the Punisher and Blade, though I prefer the third film of blade,” Harry stated.

“Resident Evil, Cabin Fever - now that one was just horrible and pointless,” Mia stated and Draco nodded in agreement.

“Death by water?” he asked and shook his head. “Dawn of the Dead, the inside Man,” Draco listed off. “And a bunch of more films that we can’t remember.”

“Where on earth do you find the time to watch them? You’re usually conked out by the time you get to bed,” Sirius demanded and they shrugged.

“Some nights we can’t sleep,” Mia explained.

“I’m surprise you haven’t had nightmares!” Narcissa informed them with a shake of her head when a window opened above them.

There was fluttering of wings, they turned to see three owls making their way through the windows. They dropped the letters into the kids’ hands before going back out of the window again. Narcissa and Sirius looked at each other and sighed.

“Hogwarts letters,” Narcissa and Sirius stated together.

Chapter 3: Letters and Diagon Alley

“Hogwarts Letters?” Mia asked. “You are kidding me right?” she demanded as Draco looked at Sirius.

“Will they know where you are and that Harry’s still alive considering, everyone gave him up for dead?” Draco asked and Narcissa shook her head.

“No, it’s a magical thing - no one looks at them,” Narcissa soothed and they nodded. They never actually thought they would get into Hogwarts but here was the proof, right here in their hands.

“Looks like the school and the wizarding world is going to be in for a shock when they see Harry Potter showing up alive and well,” Mia stated as she looked through her letter. Harry looked at her with a mixture of annoyance and amusement.

“Hey, how do you think they are going to feel when I show up with my ‘kidnapper’s’ daughter and claim her as my sister?” Harry asked and Mia sighed.

“We’re in for hell,” she muttered.

“We’ll need to hit Diagon Alley to get your stuff,” Sirius told them and they nodded.

“Good thing we know the charming spell,” Draco stated as he looked at his mother and she nodded. They all needed to charmed their looks to avoid being seen, since the wizarding world thought Harry was dead and there is a warrant out for Sirius’ arrest. Not to mention Draco Malfoy hanging around with a bunch of strangers would get back to his father and make him suspicious when they weren’t ready to deal with it.

“Remember, you guys are going to have to ...” Mia and Harry interrupted.

“...Pretend we hate Draco Malfoy,” they stated at the same time and Narcissa shot them a sad smile.

“I know, I hate it too but I don’t want Lucius to have any more reason to gun for you three when you are not ready for it,” she told them and they nodded. Lucius hadn’t been happy when he found out that Harry was the reason that Voldemort had died and he had been wanting revenge for that but as Harry had been presumed dead, he was satisfied with that but now that Harry was heading to Hogwarts, there was going to be no doubt that Harry is still alive.

“You will need wands,” Sirius told them and they looked at him before looking at their wands that Sirius had given them when they turned five and hid it behind their backs, causing him to laugh. “Relax, use these ones as your second wands and use the ones you receive as your own wands. These will work better with you as they will be suited to you,” Sirius explained.

“What about body armour?” Draco asked.

“We’ll get you some dragon hide boots and jackets, nothing too fancy though, we don’t want to alert the school and the ministry to you wearing them. Hide your wands in your legs and arm holster and always have a weapon you have access to - a small amulet knife or whatever - just make sure you’re carrying one,” he warned them.

“Okay, let’s go,” Narcissa told them. Harry, Draco and Mia’s eyes flashed colours before their image changed.

Harry’s hair changed to a chestnut brown and his eyes turned dark blue, his scar faded till it was barely recognizable. Draco’s hair turned reddish blonde while his eyes changed to a darker sliver colour. Mia’s hair lengthened and turned blonde like her mother while her eyes changed brown. Narcissa nodded in approval. “Nice images,” Narcissa told them before she and Sirius waved their wands.

Sirius’ black hair lengthened slightly and turned blonde like his daughter and his blue eyes turned dark blue. Narcissa’s hair went shorter and turned a darker blonde while her brown eyes turned light blue.

“Okay, we’re ready?” Sirius asked and got nods in reply. They moved over to the fireplace and each grabbed some floo power. Harry stepped into the fireplace.

“Diagon Alley!” He shouted before throwing down the power. He felt a sickening motion running through his body while whizzing sounds rang around his ears till he came sliding out of the fireplace. He coughed as he stood up and wiped the soot of his clothes only to jump to the side when Draco came sliding out and crashed into the wall. “Oh, god,” Harry choked out between laughers as Draco got up.

“Yeah, yeah, laugh it up,” Draco muttered before he jumped out of the way as Mia came out doing a summersault and she stood up straight.

“Now, that’s how you do it right boys,” she told them, causing them to grin at each other, while amused as the adults came out of the fireplace. They stood up and started brushing off soot of each other.

“Okay, let’s go shopping,” Sirius told them and they smiled as they made their way out of the Leaky Cauldron’s backdoor. They walked over to the wall, and Sirius tapped it with his wand causing it to open and reveal Diagon Alley to the kids.

“Alright,” the kids cheered before stepping through.

“Where to first?” Narcissa asked as she looked at Sirius, who pulled out the paper that had the list on it.

“Lets get the clothes done first. We can get them their robes, gloves, cloaks and their hats as well as body amour and such,” Sirius suggested and she looked around before nodding in agreement.

“Okay, kids, over here,” she called out and they walked back over to her. “We’re heading over to Madman Malkin’s shop so you can get fitted,” she told them and they followed her.

“Hello,” a small lady greeted, they smiled back. “Hogwarts dears?” she asked and Narcissa smiled.

“Yes,” Narcissa told them as she ran a hand through her son’s hair before pushing them forward. “And do try and stay still this time,” she warned them while Mia snickered as the boys glared at her.

“Hey, it’s not my fault you ended up getting petrified because you couldn’t stay still,” Mia told them, causing Madam Malkin to smile.

“The amount of times I had boys coming in only for me to freeze them into place,” she stated, causing the boys to pale as they hurried over to the stool and stood there as stiff as they could, causing Narcissa to hide a smile.

“Hey, what about dresses?” Mia asked as she looked around and Narcissa looked at her.

“Sorry honey, first years don’t get to go to the balls, that’s for fourth years and up but there haven’t been a lot of balls lately because there hasn’t really been anything to celebrate,” Narcissa explained.

“I need trousers,” Mia stated and Madam Malkin looked at her.

“Whatever for dear?” she asked and Mia arched an eyebrow.

“You do know what the winter feels like, right?” she demanded. “It’s not fair that us girls have to suffer being freezing when boys stay warm. Besides, trousers are easier to run in,” she admitted.

“Okay, I’ll see what I can do,” Madam Malkin told her and Mia grinned, a satisfied smug feeling went through her veins as she got measured while Harry and Draco rolled their eyes in amusement.

Once they had received their clothing, Mia looked at her robes.

“What do you do when you are sorted into your houses?” she asked and Madam Malkin smiled.

“Don’t worry deary, they changed automatically to the colour of your house,” she explained and Mia made a noise of understanding.

“Thanks,” she called back with a wave and Madam Malkin smiled as she waved back and Narcissa sighed. She couldn’t help but be reminded of Callie when she was a first year before shaking her head.

“Gloves next?” Harry asked and Narcissa nodded.

“Yep, Dragon hide for you three. God knows Sirius would throw a fit if you didn’t have them,” she told them, causing them to snicker

together as they headed into the greenhouse shop and picked up their gloves.

The kids looked around at all the different things when a plant caught Harry's eyes.

"Nice," he stated as he moved closer, Mia and Draco moved closer too and saw what he was looking at. It was a Venus trap but the card told them it was extremely poisonous and when it locked its jaw down on anything, it wouldn't let go till it was dead.

"Oh man," Draco moaned out and Mia let out a sigh of agreement when Narcissa walked by and her eyes widen when she saw what they were looking at.

"KIDS!" she squealed and they jumped as they turned to look at her. "You are not even getting that so don't even think about thinking of it," she warned them before moving over to the counter with the gloves. Once she paid for them, she shuffled them away from the plant and outside of the greenhouse shop. They came out and bumped into Sirius.

"Hey," they greeted.

"Got your clothes and such?" he asked.

"Yep," Harry told him.

"Good, we're gonna get your books and the rest of your stuff then head down to get the extra things we talked about," he told them and they headed over to Flourish and Blotts where the kids suddenly flocked around a certain books called Curses and Counter Curses. "Kids," Sirius growled amusingly as he shook his head at his sister.

"Tell me about it," she shot back as they picked up their baskets for the books to be placed in.

"What ones do we need?" Harry asked and Mia looked at her list.

"The Standard Book of Spells (Grade 1) by Miranda Goshawk," Mia called out.

“Found them!” Draco called out as he came over with three books and sat them in the basket that Narcissa had. Mia took the book they were looking at when they came in and slipped it in Narcissa’s basket before turning back to her list, pretending she hadn’t done anything.

“A History of Magic by Bathilda Bagshot,” Mia called out.

“Got them!” Harry called out as he came round the corner with three books and set them in the basket. He walked past the bookcase only to stop. “Hey, how about these books?” Harry asked as he brought a book up with the title clear. ‘How To Hex Someone With Delays,’

“What do you want that for?” Narcissa asked and Harry looked at her, guiltily.

“Well, it could come in useful,” Harry defended but Narcissa just stared at him, not believing him. “Okay, I was kinda hoping to use it on Snape,” he muttered under his breath before putting it back. Narcissa shook her head as she turned back to face Sirius, annoyed with him for telling the kids all about Severus Snape, who used to go to Hogwarts with Sirius and co when they were kids and he is now the potions master at Hogwarts, only for Harry to sneak the book back out and slipped it into the basket without her knowing and walked away from her.

“Magical Theory by Adalbert Waffling,” Mia called out with a smirk as she noticed Harry’s dealings, when the book caught her eyes. “Found them!” she called out as she reached up and took three books before placing them in the basket. “A Beginners’ Guide To Transfiguration by Emeric Switch,” she called out.

“Got them!” Harry called out as he placed them into the basket.

“One Thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi by Phyllida Spore,” she called out.

“I have them here kids,” Narcissa called out as she placed them into the basket.

“Magical Drafts and Potions by Arsenius Jigger,” She called out.

“Right here,” Draco called out as he handed the books to his mom, who took them and placed them in the basket.

“Fantastic Beasts and Where To Find The by Newt Scamander,” she called out before wrinkling her nose. “And why on earth would we want to know where to find them?” she muttered to herself. “Ah! Got them!” she called out as she picked them up. “The Dark Forces; A Guide to Self-Protection by Quentin Trimble,” she finished. “Bit late for us mind you.” She looked around and a book caught her eyes - it was the guide to a seventh year spell book. She glanced around before sneaking it out and hurried over to Narcissa when her father came round from the corner, and slipped it into the basket before anyone could see her.

“Right here,” Sirius called out and they all headed over to the counter where they paid for their books. Sirius shrunk the bags and placed them into his pockets. “Apothecary’s next,” Sirius told them and they headed over to the building.

“What do we need here?” Mia asked as Harry pulled out his list.

“A Cauldron, Pewter, Standard 2,” Harry called out. Narcissa waved one of her hands at the stack of cauldrons and levitated three of them over to the counter. “1 set of either Glass or Crystal Phials,” Harry called out.

“Found the Crystals,” Draco called out. “They are less likely to smash,” he explained as he brought them over and handed them to his mother, who took them.

“1 Telescope,” he called out before looking around in confusion. “Okay, that’s another shop,” he informed them and Sirius agreed.

“Yeah, that’s in the Mystic Ball shops. We’ll hit there before we leave,” Sirius told them.

“1 set Brass Scales,” Harry called out.

“Found them,” Sirius called out as he came round with the scales and sat them on the counter where the store manager rang up the price.

Narcissa shrunk the bags and slipped them into her pocket as they left.

They headed over to Mystic Balls where Mia found the telescopes but as there were different types, she didn't know what one to pick up.

"Get the collapsible ones, easier to manage," Sirius called out, Mia looked around before spying them and picked them up. She walked over to the counter and paid for them before handing her father the bag; who promptly shrunk it and slipped it into his pocket.

"Hey, how about those crystal balls?" Draco asked as he moved closer to one of stock of shining orbs. There was smoke appearing in the middle and seemed to be changing colour.

"Hm, interesting," the shopkeeper stated and they looked at him. "Those crystals foretells your death," he explained and Draco paled as Mia and Harry snickered in the background.

"How do you mean?" Draco demanded.

"It changes to a certain colour to let you know when to expect danger or when death will come," he explained and Harry smirked.

"Gee, only you would pick something that would predict your death," Harry informed Draco and got a glare in return while Mia looked at it, thoughtfully.

"It would be helpful," Mia told them, causing Draco and Harry to look at her, horrified.

"You want to predict your own death?" Harry demanded.

"Are you mad?" Draco demanded and Mia glared at them.

"No, at least this will tell us if we're gonna be in danger or not or if someone untrustworthy is around," she told them and they thought about it.

“You know, that does sound good,” Draco told Harry and Harry made a noise of agreement before they turned to Sirius and Narcissa, who had their arms folded.

“NO!” they both stated at the same time only for the kids to pout at them and give them the puppy dogs eyes. “Oh, look at them,” Sirius moaned as he felt himself crumbling under their gaze - especially his daughter. He turned to Narcissa with a pitiful gaze, causing her to scowl harder.

“You don’t have a backbone,” she scolded him and he huffed as he puffed out his chest.

“Of course I do,” he retorted while Mia, Draco and Harry snuck over to the crystal balls and took one each before hurrying over to the counter and paid for them before walking back over to Narcissa and Sirius.

“Okay, we’re ready to go,” they told them and Narcissa looked down at them only for her brows to furrow at their angelic face.

“You bought them!” she accused, causing Sirius to look down at them.

“What?” he demanded and she turned to look at him.

“They turned us against each other, while we were arguing; they went ahead and bought the crystals!” Narcissa explained to him and he looked at the kids once more, who smiled up at him.

“You didn’t say no,” Mia reminded and Narcissa arched an eyebrow at her, causing Mia to backtrack. “Dad weakened, we went with him!” she retorted, defensively and Narcissa shook her head in annoyance as she threw up her hands in surrender.

“Why do I even bother?” she asked, mostly to herself as she led the way out of the shop.

Once they came to a stop, she turned back to face them once more. “Okay, just wands, pets and extra to get,” she told them.

“You kids go and get your wands, we’ll get your pets,” Sirius told them only to hold up his hand when they started to protest. “Count it as part of your presents,” he told them and they made their way over to Ollivander’s Wands.

“Hello?” Mia called out when they stepped in and they saw an elderly man coming from the backroom.

“Hello, first years?” he asked.

“Yep,” Draco confirmed.

“Okay, wand hands please?” he asked.

“We’re both,” Mia explained, causing him to look at her, eyebrows raised and she shrugged. “Easy access and it makes it easy if we hurt one arm,” she explained and he nodded.

“Okay, let me grab some boxes,” he told them before disappearing back into the back room. He came out with boxes and handed a couple of wands to the kids only to snatch them back a couple of seconds later. “No, they won’t work,” he muttered as he grabbed a couple more wands and thrust them into their hands, only to snatch them back. “Tricky customers you are,” he muttered, causing the kids to look at each other in disbelief, their facial expression clearly showing that they thought he was mad. When they felt the wands thrust into their hands after many rejects cause the air to heat up around them and sparks shoot out, Harry with red, Draco with Green, and Mia with yellow, they knew they had a match.

“What the hell!” Mia exclaimed as she jumped away and Ollivanders whooped.

“Yes, you have your wands,” he told them as he took them back and placed them in boxes, ringing up their products. Harry was last to pick up his wand only to look at Ollivanders. “Curious,” the old man stated and Harry looked at him.

“Sorry, what’s curious?” he asked and Ollivanders looked at him.

“I remember every wand I’ve ever sold. Every single wand. It so happens that the phoenix whose tail feather is in your wand, gave another feather – just one other. It is very curious indeed that you should be destined for this wand when its brother gave Harry Potter his scar.” Harry swallowed as he fought the urge to touch his invisible scar. “Yes, thirteen and a half inches. Yew. Curious indeed how these things happen. The wand chooses the wizard, remember …I think we must expect great things from you … after all, He Who Must Not Be Named did great things – terrible, yes but great.”

Harry took his wand and turned to face Draco and Mia, who were staring at him. Their expressions were neutral but he could see the panic and surprise in their eyes.

“Lets go,” he told them and they agreed as they left the shop only to bump into Sirius and Narcissa, who looked at them in concern.

“Harry has the same wand as Voldemort did,” Draco whispered, making sure that the crowd couldn’t hear, causing them both to look at them, stunned.

“And Ollivanders says Harry is going to do great things. Guess the prophecy is coming into play after all,” Mia stated and Harry sighed.

“Let’s just hopes he stays dead for a little longer,” Harry muttered before something caught his eyes and his jaw drops. “Oh…wow,” he gasped out, causing Mia and Draco to look in the same direction where Harry was looking and their jaws dropped open as well.

There were three cages sitting on the bench, a pure black owl was on the left, a pure white owl sat in the middle and a pure grey owl sat on the right.

“Kids, enjoy your presents. Mia, yours the black, Harry, the white and Draco, the grey,” Sirius told them and they rushed over and picked up their cages.

“Okay, before you guys go over board, lets get your extra stuff and we’ll head back home. I don’t want to hang around here any longer than we have to,” Narcissa told them and they followed the adults as they headed into the dark alley.

They walked past a window when Mia stopped when something caught her eyes.

“Oh man, look at those babies!” Mia moaned as she hurried over to the window, Harry and Draco followed her and their eyes lit up with longing.

“Would be so easy to bring down any death eaters with them,” Harry stated, causing the others to groan in agreement.

“Kids?” Narcissa asked as she moved closer only to cover her mouth with her hand as she stifled her laughter while Sirius moved forward and shook his head.

“We’ve corrupted them,” Sirius muttered as they turned to look at the children, who were too busy drooling over the battles axes that were pinned up the boards. Four of them were doubled sided blades, curved so it would make the attack better with strong handles and with decorations on them. “Come on kids, we’re here for school stuff, not weapons,” Sirius told them.

They moaned as they pulled themselves away from the window and walked into another store, only to perk up when they saw more weapons. Sirius laughed “We’re here for small weapons, so don’t get your hopes up,” he told them and they shot him glares before looking at the small knives and such. Sirius shook his head as he walked over to the counter. “Hi. Could you make some dragon hide amour and boots as well as cloaks but make them like normal cloaks?” he asked and the man looked at the kids.

“Sure, bring the kids in the back so I can get them measured,” the guy told him.

“Kids, follow the man,” he informed them. They looked up and followed the man behind the counter to a room in the back. Sirius and Narcissa stood outside as they looked over the weapons and Narcissa leaned in.

“It’s nearly their birthdays, we can buy it for the kids,” she whispered to him and Sirius nodded.

“And I have a couple more presents in mind,” he whispered back.

The kids came out from the back room with the man following closely behind.

“I’ll get them ready for you. Come back the end of the week or I can send them to you by owl,” he told them.

“Owl thanks,” Sirius told him as he wrote down a fake name and wrote down the address of where they were staying.

“Anything else?” he asked and Sirius smirked.

“Yeah, get them whatever weapons they want,” Sirius, told him before looking pointedly at the kids. “Small ones though,” he warned and got eye rolls in return.

Soon the kids picked out small knives. Draco had found small silver darts the shape of the point of an arrow but without the shaft that you could throw and would attach to anything. This delighted the kids who got loads of them.

“Are you sure it’s safe with them?” the guy asked and Sirius laughed.

“No, but hey, I’m a dad. That’s what makes it scary for me,” he explained and the man arched an eyebrow at him before looking at the kids, who were now arguing over what sword looked the better.

“Looks like they’re getting ready for war,” he muttered and he jumped slightly as a squeal rang through the shop, causing everyone to look toward it. They saw Mia bouncing on the balls of her feet, her hands tucked under her chin as her eyes were locked on something.

Draco and Harry rushed over only to stop short when they saw what she was looking at and let out a low moan.

“Oh man,” Draco moaned out and Harry nodded in agreement as Sirius, Narcissa and the shop keeper rounded behind the kids only for Sirius and Narcissa to roll their eyes and the shop keeper to arch an eyebrow.

“Good eye you kids have, those are special weapons, made for people who have elemental abilities,” he told them and they turned to look at him.

“How do you mean?” Sirius asked and the man shrugged.

“Those just came in this morning, a mistake of a shipment I say but the order stated clearly that I ordered them, must have been drunk,” he explained. “The note came with it said very clearly that they were only to be used by people who have the abilities to control the elements.”

“What ones are what?” Mia asked as she turned back to face the weapons once more.

“The water one is that large staff,” the shopkeeper pointed out and they turned to look at the staff. It was pure white with a blue crystal on top of it and there was blue decorations scattered over the...metal?

“Is that metal?” Harry asked and the man laughed.

“Good eye. Actually no one knows. It’s not made of any type of metal that we know of. It’s a type of metal, just none that’s been recorded,” he explained.

“What about the other ones?” Mia asked.

“The double ended blade is for earth,” the shopkeeper explained as he pointed to the double-ended axe. The silver metal shone dull in the light and the handle, holding it together was made out of wood with green and dark red decorations on it. “The twin twist blade is for air,” he pointed to the two smaller weapons. They were circular weapons with jagged spikes sticking out. They were made of a light blue, almost grey colour metal and there were white decorations all over it. “They are so lightweight it almost like carrying air in your hands,” the shopkeeper explained. “Fire is that long sword,” he pointed to the large sword that was in the middle, it gleamed dully in the light and the tip of it was gold. The base of the sword was gold and red mixed in together with black decorations all over it. “It’s rumoured to say that it can actually set itself on fire and burn its way

through anything," the shopkeeper explained and the kids spun around to look at the adults, pleading clear on their faces.

Sirius and Narcissa looked at each other.

"We'll take them," Sirius told him and the man looked at him.

"You sure?" he asked and Sirius nodded.

"Yeah," he confirmed and the man nodded as he picked up the weapons and started placing them into their proper packing.

"Hey, what about the element spirit?" Mia asked and the man looked at her before nudging his head over to a display. Everyone looked at it and saw a crystal ball sitting in the middle of the display.

"That's used for the spirit element, that'll help the person to control the spirit of the world around us, they can even use it to help bring the dead forward so they can claim their justice or move on," he explained and Sirius nodded in understanding.

"We'll take that too," Sirius told him and the man looked at him before getting the ball out of the display and placed it into its box before setting them all in to a bag, which Sirius took and shrunk.

"Okay, home time for you kids," Sirius told them and they smiled in relief.

"Oh! Wait!" Narcissa exclaimed, causing them to look at her. "Trunks!" she explained and they groaned in annoyance and tiredness.

"There's a trunk shop just two doors down," the man told them and they sighed.

"Thanks" Sirius told him and he watched as they left the shop. They headed up to the shop that sold the trunks and stepped in. The woman behind the counter smiled.

"Hello," she called out to them, cheerily.

“Hi,” the kids waved back before looking around at the trunks before picking out the ones they liked and brought them over to pay for them. Once they were paid, Sirius leaned forward.

“Is it okay if we use your fireplace to get home?” he asked and she smiled.

“Sure, it’s in the back,” she told him and he returned the smile in relief.

“Thank you,” he told her before ushering the kids toward the back with Narcissa following them. They stepped over to the fireplace; Harry grabbed some floo powder and stepped into the fireplace.

“The Grimsom Place!” Harry called out before throwing down the powder and felt the sucking sensations once more. He stumbled when he came out of the fireplace only to land on his bed. He looked up at the ceiling and laughed, it worked! He, Mia and Draco had been trying to get the floo to make them land in their bedroom by using wandless magic, they tried to do it through manipulation of the spell wandless and it worked! He got up and shook his head once more before setting his trunk at the edge of his bed and placed his owl on the bedside cabinet. Pulling out a stand, he opened the door and his new companion came out and made her way over the stand. “I know what to call you,” Harry stated as he walked over and stroked her front. “Hedwig,” he stated and she hooted, telling him she liked her name before nipping at his finger, causing him to laugh as he pulled out a small owl treat and handed it to her.

The door opened, Mia, Draco, Sirius and Narcissa stepped in.

“You landed in your bedroom too!” Mia exclaimed and Harry grinned.

“Think it’s time to get back our own features?” Draco asked, the trio grinned before closing their eyes as they turned their hair colour back to normal, they opened their eyes and smiled they saw the other had their own eye colour back.

“What did you name your owl?” Mia asked.

“Hedwig,” Harry stated.

“Morris,” Draco stated.

“Cassie,” Mia stated and Sirius laughed as his image changed back to normal.

“You guys certainly knew what to call them,” Sirius stated as he pulled out the bags from his pockets. Narcissa did the same once her image was restored. “Okay, here is your stuff,” Sirius called out as he threw each things at the kids, who put them away before slumping down on Harry’s bed.

“Hogwarts next,” Draco stated and Harry smirked as he looked over Mia’s head at him.

“Hey, we get to pretend we hate each other,” Harry stated and Draco smirked in return.

“Now that outta be fun,” Draco stated causing Mia to laugh from where she was lying in the middle, in between them before she put one hand on the bed, palm facing upward, Harry placed his on top of hers; Draco placed his on top of Harry.

“We solemnly swear we’re up to no good!” They chanted only to arch their back as pain shot through them. They scrambled away from their bed.

“What the hell was that?” Draco demanded, Mia turned to Harry’s mirror before turning back to it and lifted up her top only to gasp when she saw an image of a black panther on the small of her back and she smirked.

“We just received our main animagus,” Mia stated, Harry and Draco hurried over and did the same only for Harry to see that he had the tattoo of a Phoenix on his right shoulder. Draco had the image of a wolf on his left shoulder.

“We’re missing someone,” Harry stated and Mia sighed in agreement.

“Yep, our wands showed us Hogwarts house colours, Harry’s was red, meaning Gryffindor, Draco’s was green, meaning Slytherin, mine was

yellow, meaning Hufflepuff so we're missing a blue, Ravenclaw," Mia stated and Draco sighed.

"This ought to be an interesting year," Draco stated and they all smirked at each other in excitement of what the year held for them.

Chapter 4: Happy Birthday and Hogwarts

“HAPPY BIRTHDAY!” a male and female voice cried out as the bed bounced, startling the unconscious victim out of his sound sleep.

Harry jerked awake and lifted his hand, causing a bright light to shoot out and two thumps to be heard. He reached over and grabbed his glasses, put them on and turned to see Draco and Mia, who were both in their PJs, were pinned to the wall.

“I told you we shouldn’t have startled him,” Draco groused to Mia, who rolled her eyes.

“Get over it,” she shot at him. “He’s the birthday boy, we’re suppose to be giving him a surprise,” she reminded.

“A surprise, not a heart attack,” Harry stated from where he was sitting in his bed, looking at the two of them. He lifted his hand once more and lowered to them to the floor. They landed on their feet before running over to the bed and jumped on it, sitting down next to Harry as they handed him the presents.

“Happy birthday Harry!” they both greeted and he chuckled as he took the presents.

“You two are insane,” he informed them and they laughed.

“Who’s been looking after us?” Draco asked and they all giggled, understanding what Draco had meant. He had been referring to Sirius looking after them.

“Come on, open your presents!” Mia told Harry, pushing at his shoulders and he smiled as he pulled his presents closer to him. He opened the one Mia had gotten him and saw it was the Silent Hill Dvd and The Suffering X-box game.

“Oh yeah, when did you get them?” Harry asked and Mia grinned.

“The wonders of the internet - you can buy anything online and they send it straight to your house,” Mia informed him.

“Thanks!” Harry told her as Draco took the game out of Harry’s hand.

“We’ve gotta play this as soon as possible,” Draco stated and Harry grinned as he opened his present from Draco and saw it a collection of small knives.

“How did you know?” Harry asked.

“Mia. She saw you on the Internet when you looking at them. She looked over your shoulder, and I decided to get them for you,” Draco told him and Harry nodded

“You guys are the best!” Harry told them as he reached out and enveloped them both in hugs, causing them all to laugh.

There was a knock at the door and they turned to see Sirius standing there, tying his robe.

“Hey, Happy Birthday Harry,” Sirius told him before winking. “I’ve got presents down the stairs for you.”

“Oh yeah!” Harry exclaimed as he scrambled out of bed and bolted out of the door with Draco and Mia hot on his heels.

“Watch it!” Sirius exclaimed as he jumped out of the way from the children.

Narcissa was sitting on the dining room chair at the table, reading the papers when she heard a rumbling sound. She turned to face the doorway and saw the kids running into the kitchen.

“Morning kids,” she called out and they immediately slowed down and walked into the Dining Room.

“Morning Aunt Narcissa,” Mia and Harry chimed.

“Morning mom,” Draco told her as they moved over to the table where they saw presents lying on it.

“Happy birthday, Harry,” Narcissa told him and Harry shot her a bright grin.

“Thanks,” he told her as he sat down and pulled his presents toward him. He ripped into the biggest one only for the light to shine dully on the present and Harry’s eyes to widen as his jaw, slowly, dropped open.

“Oh...wow,” Harry whispered when he stood up and lifted the double-ended blade that he and the rest had been admiring when they were down in Diagon alley.

“Oh yeah,” Draco agreed when Sirius pulled out another two parcels and put them in front of Draco and Mia.

“Mia, that’s an early birthday present, Draco, a belated birthday present,” Sirius explained, the two of them looked at each other with a grin on their faces before they tore into their presents and pulled out the weapons, the same ones as Harry.

“This has got to be the best birthday ever,” Harry stated with glee in his voice. Narcissa and Sirius looked at each other with amused expressions before they turned back to face the kids.

“You kids would think that,” Sirius stated as Harry turned back to the rest of his presents and proceed to rip into them.

After Harry had finished opening all his presents, the kitchen door swung open and the house elves stepped through, bringing breakfast.

“Thanks,” Sirius told them as they placed the plates on the table, letting the kids dig in to their breakfast

“Will you quit trying to nick her breakfast?” Harry demanded, pulling his plate away from the fork.

“She never eats it all!” Draco whined and Harry shot him a ‘oh, bad move’ look before looking at Mia with a hint of dread on his face.

“Excuse me, I *do* eat all my food. You’re the one who keeps nicking it!” Mia snapped as she yanked her fork out of the table, glaring at him. “And next time, I won’t miss,” she promised.

“Nice to know you,” Harry stated with a clap on Draco’s back before turning back to his breakfast while Draco stared at Mia, stunned.

Narcissa and Sirius looked at each other with amusement shining on their faces. It was the same thing nearly every morning but it never stopped being entertaining.

“You need to stop ticking off Mia. One of these days she will get you good,” Sirius warned when he finished his breakfast.

“Wonder what that’ll be,” Harry murmured, mostly to himself as he finished his breakfast and washed it down with his pumpkin juice.

“You never know when I could get payback,” Mia stated with a deadly glint in her eyes as she looked at Draco. “I mean; it could be now, tomorrow, a few weeks or even a few years from now.”

“You wouldn’t do anything to me,” Draco stated confidently and Harry looked at him, puzzled.

“Mate, you *do* remember the last time you said that?” Harry asked and Draco shot him a glare as the memory came back to him.

“I hate you,” Draco muttered and Harry gave him a grin.

“You love me,” Harry teased only to get a punch in the shoulder. “Oi!”

“Behave,” Narcissa warned as she watched the house elves come through and take the plates away before the light dimmed slightly.

The kitchen door opened once more and saw see Dee-Di making her way out of the kitchen.

“Okay, cake time!” Dee-Di called out as she came out with the birthday cake in her hands.

“Here, I’ll give you a hand,” Sirius told her as he reached down and took the cake and placed it on the table. Dee-Di snapped her fingers and the candles lit up.

Harry moved closer to the cake and saw it a picture of the Quidditch ground with the players moving.

“Nice,” Mia stated before nudging Harry. “Make a wish birthday boy.”

Harry leaned down, he closed his eyes and made his wish before opening them and blew the candles out all in the one go.

“Yeah!” Draco and Mia cheered. “Let hope your wish comes true,” Draco stated as he moved over to the table, Mia nodded as she followed Draco while Harry stood back and smiled slightly.

“Me too,” he whispered before he hurried over. “Don’t eat all the cake!”

Narcissa and Sirius sat back and watched the kids play with their battle-axes and Sirius shook his head. He couldn’t believe that Harry is now eleven. Where had the time gone? Now they were going to go off to Hogwarts. As much as he was impressed and proud, there was still that niggling fear at the back of mind telling him that if the kids went, they were just going to be put in more danger. He couldn’t let the fear run his life but he couldn’t help but wish that he could keep them with him longer for their protection.

“They’ll be fine Sirius - we’ve trained them well. Besides, it’s good for them to go to Hogwarts. This way they can show the world that they’re not the little children they think the kids will be,” Narcissa told him, knowing what he was thinking. Sirius looked at her sadly in agreement. “Besides, it’ll be a real eye-opener for the professors when they see how trained the kids are and for Dumbledore to see the kids independent - even though they think Harry is dead at the moment,” she informed him bitterly. The wizarding world was just a coward in her opinion; sitting on their asses while everyone else suffered the fate of any Dark Lord rising and trying to take over the world by killing or torturing people who got in their way.

“You’re worried,” he stated and Narcissa sighed as she nodded.

“Yes I am but I can’t let it rule my life, or let it control the kid’s life. They deserve to have fun and to be children for as long as they can because you know and I know, and they know that Voldemort won’t

stay dead for long," she told him and Sirius nodded as he faced the youths once more.

"They'll be fine," he whispered, mostly to himself.

"HARRY! MIA! Get a move on!" Sirius shouted up the stairs. It was now the 1st of September, and Harry and Mia were dragging their heels about going to Hogwarts.

"We're coming!" Mia shouted back down the stairs. "I swear those things have a mind of their own," she muttered under her breath as she looked around for her trainers before getting down on her knees and checking under the bed only to find it empty. She stood up once more with a huff. "Accio Mia's Trainers!" she called out and there was a whooshing noise before a thud.

Mia spun around to see the door slammed open and her trainers to fly into her room. She ducked just as it flew over her head and slammed into the wall. "Bloody trainers," she muttered as she walked over to them, grabbed them and pulled them on before grabbing her trunk. She hauled it out of her bedroom, where she bumped into Harry.

"Would watch where you are going?" Harry asked as he rubbed his head from where Mia's head bashed his.

"Sorry," Mia apologised as they moved closer to the banister. Sirius looked up and relief shone on his face when he saw them.

"Got your stuff packed?" Sirius asked and Mia nodded as she and Harry hauled to the top of the stairs. The house-elves hurried over and levitated them down the stairs for the kids.

"Thanks Dee-Di, thanks Jackie," Mia told them and they both nodded as they moved in to the kitchen while Harry waved his wand and shrunk the trunks.

Mia and Harry picked up their trunks and placed them into their pockets before they followed Sirius out of the house and over to the car, where they climbed into the back seat. Sirius grabbed the owl cages and handed them to the kids, who took them and placed the

cages in the middle before he got into the front and set the car into motion.

They came to a stop outside the train station, and the kids hopped out, grabbing the owls' cages. They slammed the car doors and walked into the station with Sirius following them, (He had changed his image before they neared the station. He now had light blonde hair and deep blue eyes.) He led the way over to the three quarter section of the train station. They walked over to the wall and leaned on it casually before slipping through.

They exited on the other side and the kids gazed at the large scarlet train before looking at each other.

"Not very impressive is it?" Mia asked Harry and got a negative shake in return while Sirius looked at the kids before rolling his eyes.

"You kids are not very impressed with anything that isn't a weapon, are you?" Sirius asked and Mia grinned sheepishly up her dad. "Or anything fast like those films with cars and motorbikes in them."

"Sorry dad, guess we're kinda spoiled by films," she admitted with a shrug and Harry looked at the train.

"It is kinda impressive - just not what we were expecting I guess," Harry told him with a shrug. "Beside, you told us about the train loads of time!" he exclaimed and Sirius sighed. He knew that Harry was right -he had told the kids what to expect.

"Come on," he told them as he ushered them over nearer to the train. The kids pulled out their trunks and placed them on the ground as Sirius took out his wand and enlarged them back to their normal size just as a prefect came over to take them.

"First year?" he asked and they nodded. He took the trunks and hauled them over to the back of the train while the kids turned to Sirius once more. A flash of blonde caught their eyes and saw they Draco standing a few feet away from them, standing with his parents.

Draco waved slightly, making sure his father couldn't see it before turning back to his parents. Harry and Mia turned to face each other before looking at Sirius once more.

"Okay kids, have a good year. Let me know if you want to come home this Christmas," Sirius told them and they nodded.

"Sure," Mia stated as she reached up and hugged her dad before kissing him on the cheek and moved over toward the train. Draco hugged his mother and kissed her cheek before shaking hand with his dad and walking off into the train. Harry hugged Sirius.

"Catch you later," Harry told Sirius, and he nodded.

"Watch out this year and stay on your guard," Sirius warned him. Harry nodded again as he waved to Sirius before stepping on the train and followed Mia toward a compartment.

They sat down on the chairs and looked out of the window and saw Sirius standing on the platform. They waved and Sirius waved back as the train blew it's whistle and pulled out of the station, leaving the man sighing as his hand dropped back down to his side.

"Good luck kids, come back safe," Sirius whispered, mostly to himself before he walked over to the parking lot. He drove the car out of the parking lot and headed home for an empty silent year.

"How do you think this year is gonna go?" Mia asked and Harry shrugged.

"I guess it depends on how people react," Harry told her and she looked at him.

"Yep, the boy who lives presumed dead is now back among the living," she stated. "They are gonna love that."

"Hey, it's their fault they gave up on me. They assumed that I was dead without looking hard. Dumbledore has a lot to answer for anyway," Harry explained and Mia nodded.

“He will haul us into his office tonight, I bet you,” she told him and he nodded.

“Same here, he’ll want to know where Uncle Sirius is hiding and where we’ve been,” he told her and she nodded.

“Great year,” she stated with sarcasm mixing in with her tone. There was a knock at the door and they turned to see a red headed male standing at the door.

“Can I sit in here?” he asked. “Everywhere else is full,” he explained.

“Sure,” Harry replied and the red head moved in closer and sat down on the opposite of Harry and Mia.

“I’m Ron, Ron Weasley,” Ron greeted and Harry nodded.

“I’m Harry, this is Mia,” Harry introduced and Ron nodded.

“Nice to meet you. First time at Hogwarts?” he asked and Mia nodded.

“Yeah, you?” she asked and he nodded.

“Yeah, but my brothers have already been here, I have three brothers at Hogwarts, Percy – who’s a prefect, and the twins, Fred and George,” Ron told them.

“Cool, must be nice to have lots of siblings,” Harry told him and Ron shrugged “Some times I guess,” Ron admitted. “So, how do you two get on?”

“Oh, we’re cousins,” Harry explained and Ron nodded in understanding. “We get along fine actually. We play pranks on each other but rarely any arguments.”

“That’s must be nice,” Ron stated and Mia laughed.

“Dad keeps saying we’re not like normal brothers and sisters as we don’t fight but he isn’t bothered. He and Harry’s dad were like brothers when they were younger and rarely fought too,” Mia explained and Ron nodded.

Ron was about to speak up when the compartment door was swung open and they saw a bushy brunette standing in the doorway. She was already dressed in her Hogwarts robes.

“Have any of you seen a toad?” she asked, a bit flushed. “A boy named Neville has lost his,” she explained.

“No we haven’t, now go away,” Ron muttered and the girl shot him a dark look.

“I was only asking,” she snapped at him.

“Sorry, we haven’t seen any toad but if we do, we’ll catch him and give him back to the boy,” Mia told her and the girl smiled at her.

“Thank you,” the girl told her. “You better get into your robes, we’re nearly at Hogwarts,” she told Mia. Mia nodded as the girl left before she turned to glare at Ron.

“Didn’t your mother ever teach your any manners?” she snipped before she headed out of the compartment. Harry sighed.

“I gotta go with her,” Harry told him before he got up and ran after Mia before she decided to blow something up when he bumped into a hard body.

“Watch it!” A familiar voice stated and Harry looked and saw that it was Draco. “What the hell is up with you?” Draco demanded.

“A boy named Ron Weasley ticked off Mia,” Harry explained and Draco looked at him, stunned.

“On the first day?” he demanded and Harry nodded.

“A girl came into our compartment and asked if anyone had seen a toad, Ron was quite rude to her and in the process, pissed off Mia.”

“Damn, he better start praying,” Draco stated before looking around before looking at Harry. “You better get your robes on.”

“I know,” Harry sated before hurrying off and Draco shook his head as he moved over to his compartment, preparing himself for Hogwarts.

The train shuddered it as it came to halt, Harry looked up out of the window and saw that he had arrived at a train station. He and Mia had finally made their way back to their compartment after getting changed into their school clothes and robes. They had joined up with Ron once more but Mia had been cold toward him ever since.

“You do realise that we’re suppose to be nice?” Harry whispered and got a huff in reply.

“I’m not going to be nice to a rude, inconsiderate pig of a boy,” she informed him before stepping off the train with Harry following her, shaking his head as he went.

“First Years, over here!” a loud male voice shouted. “Come on over here, First Years!” They moved forward with the rest of the first years and saw a large man standing in front of them, holding a lantern.

“Wow,” Ron exclaimed while Mia rolled her eyes and moved in closer to Harry.

“That’s Hagrid,” Mia whispered and Harry nodded.

“I know,” Harry, whispered back before they moved over to the boats and stepped in one of them. Sirius had told them about Hagrid and how loyal he was to Dumbledore so they better watched their step around him.

“Here you are, Professor McGonagall,” Hagrid told her and she nodded as Hagrid walked off. McGonagall turned back to the students.

“Welcome to Hogwarts, the start of term will begin shortly. When you enter the Great Hall, you will be sorted into your houses. They are Gryffindor, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw and Slytherin. While you are here, your house will be your family. Your triumphs will earn you points; rule breaking will lose points. At the end of the year, the house with

the most house points will be awarded the house cup," she told them. "Please wait here for a moment."

She left them on the steps while Mia turned to Harry.

"Cross fingers and hope us pass our plan," Mia whispered, Harry nodded in agreement when Professor McGonagall came back from the Great Hall and addressed the first years in front of her.

"Follow me please," she told them and she led the way into the Great Hall. The doors opened and everyone saw the rows of tables of older students sitting at them. There was a large table ahead of them with the teachers sitting there and there was a large chair in the middle with an old man. He wore purple robes and had long hair and beard.

"Dumbledore," Mia and Harry whispered together. Draco just stared ahead with a neutral expression. They moved closer till they came to a stop near a stool, which the younger students could see had a hat sitting on it.

"When I call out your name, you are to come here where I will place this hat upon your head. Then you will be sorted in your houses," McGonagall told them as she unrolled her parchment and started calling out people names.

"Bones – Susan," she called out, Harry noticed that Draco seemed to perk up as the pretty red head walked up to the stool and eyed Draco in amusement.

"Hufflepuff!" the hat shouted out and she smiled as she hopped off the stool, handed the hat back to the professor before hurrying over to her table.

"Black-Mia," McGonagall read out only to stop short and read it again before her eyes shot up, wide. Whispering started up while some teachers glared at Mia, who winked at Harry.

"Geez, first day at school and I'm already the bad girl," she teased, flipping her black hair back, causing Harry to cough to hide his laughter. Draco rolled his eyes while Mia made her way through the

crowd and moved over to the chair. She hopped on it and the hat went down on her head.

“Gryffindor!” the hat shouted. Mia smirked as she took the hat off and looked at the teachers.

“Looks like my plan to become the next dark lord is gonna have to be put on hold as I’m in Gryffindor,” she mocked them before moving over to the table and sat down.

“Jesus, we’re gonna die because of her,” Draco hissed to Harry, who smothered a laugh.

McGonagall went through the list till she stopped at one.

“Granger-Hermione!” she called out. Harry perked up when he saw the small brunette who had came into their compartment make her way over to the chair. She had deep brown eyes. Draco watched the scene with interest before looking at Mia, who grinned. The hat went down on Hermione.

“Gryffindor!” The hat shouted out and the Gryffindor table burst into cheers and claps. She smiled as she made her way over to the table and sat down next to Mia.

McGonagall went back to the list and started calling out names till she stopped at another one.

“Malfoy-Draco,” she called out. Draco nudged Harry slightly in the ribs before making his way over to the chair. He sat down on it and that hat was nearly at his head when it shouted.

“Slytherin!” he shouted, the Slytherin table cheered as Draco rolled his eyes. He glanced over at Mia and Harry before making his way over to the table. Harry and Mia exchanged smiles. Plan one has gone into action.

McGonagall continued her way down the list before her eyes froze. She looked up at Dumbledore before turning back to the small first years.

“Potter-Harry,” she called out and everyone froze as Harry made his way over to the chair. He smiled mockingly as he waved to everyone sarcastically.

“Yep, I’m alive and in the flesh,” Harry informed them before sitting down, placing the hat onto his head. “Gotta put me in Gryffindor,” he muttered to the hat.

“Why? You would do well in Slytherin,” the hat muttered to him.

“Not part of the plan and I don’t want to be in Slytherin. I rather be in Gryffindor thanks,” Harry muttered back and the Hat grumbled under his breath.

“Fine,” he muttered. “Gryffindor!” the hat shouted and everyone cheered as Harry pulled the hat off his head and made his way over to the table and sat down next to Mia, who slapped high fives with him.

They turned back to the last group who was still waiting to be sorted.

“Weasley-Ronald,” McGonagall called out and Ron stepped up to the chair and the hat shouted Gryffindor before it landed on his head. They could see that Ron let out a sigh of relief and he hurried over to the table and sat next to the rest of the first years.

McGonagall finally finished her list and rolled the parchment back up and took the stool and hat out of the Great Hall before coming back and made her way over to the head table.

Professor Dumbledore stood up.

“I wanted to welcome you all to a new year at Hogwarts. I only have a few things I wanted to say. Please note that the third floor corridor is out of bound due to certain renovations. The Dark Forest is also strictly out of bound to anyone who doesn’t wish to die a horrible death. Now, you may eat!” he clapped his hands and the food appeared on the table, much to the gasps of amazements of the first years.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were Harry Potter?” Ron demanded to Harry from where he sat across from him and Harry shrugged.

“Didn’t want to,” Harry stated before looking at Mia. “How do you feel?”

“Like a fish in a whole lake of water,” Mia stated sarcastically and Harry stifled his smile while Ron looked at her, confused about what she was going on about.

Dumbledore sat back down at the table and piled some food on to his plate before taking a sip of his drink. He looked over his glasses at Harry and Mia, who were chatting animatedly, laughing at something Mia said. He shook his head. He needed to get Harry away from those people as soon as possible and placed with the Dursleys, where he would be safe.

Mia looked at Dumbledore from the corner of her eyes and rolled them when he saw that Dumbledore was staring at them with a disapproving glare. She looked back at Harry, who nodded in understanding.

“Having fun?” Harry asked as Mia flicked her chicken and she shot him a grin.

“Totally,” she informed him and he shot her a sly grin back before turning to Hermione, who sat next to him.

“You’re a muggle born,” he stated and she looked at him, startled.

“Yeah, how did you know that?” she asked and he grinned.

“Now, that’s my secret,” he told her before winking, causing Mia to roll her eyes as she caught Malfoy’s eye, causing him to stifled a grin and glare at her.

“No, seriously, how did you know?” Hermione asked and Mia shook her head.

“Don’t ask him,” Mia informed her, causing Hermione to look at her. “He doesn’t give straight answers till he’s ready. He teases this way.”

“How come?” Hermione asked and Mia snorted.

“He’s a guy,” Mia stated and Hermione smiled.

“That’s a good excuse,” Hermione stated and Harry looked at the pair of them.

“Hey!” he exclaimed, offended and Mia waved her hand at him.

“Go back to your food,” she told him before turning back to Hermione. “Mia Black,” Mia introduced as she reached her hand out and Hermione took it.

“Hermione Granger,” Hermione replied, shaking her hand.

“Harry Potter,” Harry stated as he lifted his hand and Hermione raised her eyebrow.

“I think everyone knows of the boy who lived,” she teased as she reached out and took his hand and Harry rolled his eyes.

“Ignore it. They left me for dead so I wouldn’t listen to anything they would have to say,” he told her and she nodded.

“So, where have you been all this time?” Hermione asked.

“Living with Uncle Sirius, Mia’s dad,” Harry told her and she nodded before frowning then shaking her head.

“Have you lived in the wizarding world all your life?” she asked and Mia smiled.

“No, we’re a mixture,” Mia told her and Hermione looked at her. “We live in the muggle world where it’s safer there but we were introduced to magic via my dad,” Mia explained and Hermione’s eyes lit up.

“What is it like?” she asked. “I mean; most of the spells are pretty hard to do.”

“An eager student, aren’t you?” Harry asked, eyebrow raised and Hermione blushed slightly as she ducked her head.

“Sorry, it’s just, when I get introduced to something new, it kinda takes over,” she explained and Mia nodded in understanding.

“Relax, we’re like that too,” Mia told her. “We’ve just gotta learn new things all the time.”

“How did you feel about coming to Hogwarts?” Hermione asked.

“Shocked,” Harry stated after swallowing his food and Hermione looked at him, puzzled. “Hey, everyone thought I was dead and then I get a letter saying that I’ve been accepted to Hogwarts?” Hermione laughed slightly as she turned to Mia.

“I didn’t think I would be accepted, you know, considering my dad is a wanted murderer, so when we got the letters, we decided that we wanted to come and let the wizarding world see what they’ve done,” Mia informed her.

“How about you?” Harry asked and Hermione shrugged.

“I didn’t know that I was a witch till I got the letter. It made me understand all the weird things that used to happen,” she explained and Mia nodded.

“Magical bursts?” she asked and Hermione nodded, almost sheepish. “Relax, we had them all the time.”

“What was the major thing you’ve ever done?” Hermione asked.

“Blew up the kitchen,” Mia stated and Hermione looked at her, shocked. “Bad day,” Mia mumbled under her breath before glaring at Harry, who stifled his laughs behind his hands. “How about you?” Mia asked Hermione.

“Blew up the hut that I was locked in,” Hermione told her before turning to Harry. “How about you?” she asked and Harry looked at her, shocked.

“Erm, nothing really,” Harry mumbled and Mia snickered.

“He almost blew up the house,” Mia stated and Hermione looked at Harry shocked, who slumped down further in his seat.

“It was an accident,” he mumbled.

“Had this primary teacher who wasn’t very fair toward Harry, he came home frustrated and almost blew up the house,” Mia explained. Hermione looked at Harry once more before shaking her head and turned back to her dinner.

Soon Dinner and Deserts were over, Dumbledore stood once more.

“Will first years please follow their prefects to their dormitories?” He told them and Percy Weasley, a tall red haired boy with the prefect badge pinned on the lapel of his robes stood up.

“First years, over here,” Percy called out. Harry, Mia, Hermione and Ron stood up and made to move over to Percy when Mia saw someone and leaned into Harry.

“Professor, two o’clock,” Mia whispered to Harry when a female voice spoke up.

“Harry, Mia, would you two please follow me?” McGonagall asked as she moved closer to the two children. They both looked up at her.

“Is there a problem Professor?” they asked and she shook her head.

“No, Professor Dumbledore would like to have a word with you,” she explained and they nodded. Harry shot a look at Draco, who nodded subtly before following the prefect to his dorm while the two of them followed Professor McGonagall.

They came to a stop outside a large statue of a bird.

“Strawberry Cream,” McGonagall stated and there was a huge rumbling as the statue came to life and started to swirl, revealing stairs. Mia and Harry jumped onto the first two and just rode the rest of the way up.

Soon they came to a stop outside a large door and Harry knocked on it.

“Come in,” a male voice called out. Harry opened the door and stepped to the side to let Mia in first before following her and shutting the door behind them. Professor Dumbledore sat on his chair behind his desk while a younger man who was leaning against the banister with chin length greasy hair and dark eyes gave them a piercing look. Both Mia and Harry stifled sniggers when they put a name to the face. Severus Snape. “Please, sit,” Dumbledore, told them and they sat down. “So, how is everything going?” Dumbledore asked.

“Fine, considering as we’ve only just started here,” Mia stated and Dumbledore nodded.

“And, how is everything at home?” Dumbledore asked.

“Fine,” Harry stated as he looked at Mia, who stuck her tongue out at him, causing him to stick his tongue back out at her. Both of them knew that this would get to the teachers that Harry was close to Mia and Mia just did it to annoy Harry.

“Put your tongue back in your mouths!” Snape hissed, causing the pair of them to look at him.

“Screw you,” Mia stated to Snape.

“How dare you...” Snape started and Mia cocked her head.

“...Stand up for myself? Not let you bully me in to a being a submissive young child?” she asked. “Buddy, you forget who my parents are,” she told him with a shake of her head.

“While we’re on the conversation about you father...” Dumbledore was cut off.

“...Not telling you where he is,” Harry stated as he looked at Dumbledore.

“Harry, he made us think you were dead after he kidnapped you,” Dumbledore told him and Harry smirked.

“No, you all gave up when all the leads were dead ends and just gave me up for dead,” Harry corrected and Mia grinned.

“He’s right,” Mia backed up.

“Sirius has to be arrested. He led the death of your parents,” Dumbledore stated. “Not to mention Peter Pettigrew.”

“Dad never killed him,” Mia stated and Dumbledore looked at her.

“Listen, I find it very admirable that you wish to protect him but he is a danger,” Dumbledore stated. “He kidnapped Harry from the place he would have been safe,” Dumbledore finished.

“Yeah, the Dursleys. They didn’t care about me. They were more than willing to give me up,” Harry pointed out and shook his head. “We’re not telling you where Uncle Sirius is. He is the only one who can protect us.”

“Fine, if you won’t tell us, we can just find out for ourselves,” Snape sneered as he lifted his wand and cast the spell to break into Harry’s mind only to be met with a wall. He gritted his teeth only to stumble when he felt himself being shoved out.

“I rather you didn’t do that again. It’s annoying when I get a headache afterwards,” Harry remarked and Mia smirked as she looked at Harry.

“Harry,” Dumbledore started but Harry stood up with Mia.

“If there is no further school business to continue, Mia and I would like to head to our common room. We wouldn’t want to get on Professor McGonagall’s bad side on the first day,” Harry explained before placing a hand on the small of Mia’s back and leading her out of the headmaster’s office and down the stairs.

“What are you going to do? They’ll be watching Hedwig and Cassie,” she told him and he grinned.

“But not Morris,” Harry pointed out and Mia grinned slyly as they headed toward the Gryffindor’s common room.

“How do we contact Draco?” she asked and Harry pulled out a small knut from his back and pressed on the face that had been pressed on to it, a few seconds later there was a warming sensation and Harry nodded.

“He got the message. We made this up,” and he tossed the Knut over for her to inspect. “Before we came to Hogwarts we agreed that if Dumbledore or a teacher cornered us, we were to let the other know and send a message to the parents,” he informed and she nodded as she tossed it back to him.

“Don’t spend it,” she teased, causing Harry to push her away from him, causing her to laugh as they turned up at the common room. They came to a stop at the Fat Lady.

“Password?” she asked.

“Caput Draconis,” Mia and Harry stated at the same time and she smiled as Harry tucked away the map that Sirius had given him and Mia just before they came to Hogwarts.

“Oh, so much like your parents you are,” she told them, fondly before nodding. The portrait swung open and they both walked into the common room, only for everyone to stop chatting when they saw them.

“You have ten seconds to get lost before we let loose our dark spells on you,” Mia stated and everyone rushed to their dormitories, leaving Harry and Mia alone in the Common room, stunned. Harry turned to face her.

“You know, they didn’t have to grow up with your sick sense of humour so they wouldn’t be able to tell the difference when you are joking or telling the truth,” he informed her, causing her to shove him.

“Hey, I got us the common room alone,” she informed him. “No one is going to be staring at us, waiting to see if we’re going to erupt into some dark creature who wants to eat them for dinner,” she stated as she moved over to a chair and slid herself into it before swinging her body round so her back was resting against one arm chair while her legs dangled over the other.

“Yeah and I get to be stuck down here with my crazy insane sister,” he muttered, causing her to throw a cushion at him.

“You are not allowed to insult a woman,” she scolded him.

“It was a compliment,” Harry shot back as he sat down on the couch and stuffed the cushion behind his back and rested against it.

“Yeah, and I’m the queen of the North Pole,” she shot back at him.

“Gee, picky today aren’t you?” he asked before arching an eyebrow. “It’s not that time of the month is it?” he whined and got another cushion shot at him, this time hitting him squarely in the face.

“Bite me!” she snapped at him and he rolled his eyes.

“No thanks,” he told her and she smirked.

“Wouldn’t mind if it was Hermione,” she stated and got a cushion in her face.

“Zip it,” he snipped at her and she arched an eyebrow.

“Now gee, somebody is being picky now,” she told him. “It isn’t that time of the month is it?” she mocked and Harry glared at her.

“Just keep it zipped about Hermione,” he informed her and she rolled her eyes.

“God, Harry, it’s so obvious you’re interested in her. Ask her out for crying out loud,” she stated as she shoved the cushion behind her back.

“Mia,” Harry started and Mia sighed.

“God Harry, grow some balls,” she informed him and he laughed.

“Hey, I’m a man,” Harry shot back and she smirked.

“No, you’re a boy,” she retorted.

“Same difference,” Harry told her and she scoffed.

“As if,” Mia stated. “A man has guts, a boy hides.” Harry just stared at her while she smirked looking at the ceiling before she snapped her fingers and balls of colourful lights appeared above her head, dancing.

“Show off,” Harry muttered under his breath as the light grew bigger and brighter before they burst with a loud snapping pop, showering the room into tiny of small bubbles of light, dancing around.

Harry looked up at them before snapping his fingers. A black coloured ball appeared in the air and started to chase the colourful balls before swallowing them whole, disappearing the light while Mia turned to face him with an annoyed expression.

“Fun sucker,” Mia told him and he laughed when something interrupted them.

“How long are you two going to stay up?” a female voice asked and they turned to see Hermione standing at the foot of the steps, in her bathrobes. Mia looked at her watch and sighed.

“Damn, it’s just after eleven,” she muttered to Harry, provoking him into looking at his watch and shook his head.

“This is getting ridiculous,” Harry informed her as they both stood up and Mia shrugged.

“Not allowed to take any sleeping potions. You know what dad’s like about them,” Mia told him and Hermione looked at them both.

“Do you have a hard time getting off to sleep?” she asked and Mia nodded.

“Some times, it depends on our day,” Mia admitted.

“Why not try some hot lemonade or hot chocolate?” Hermione suggested as she led the way up the stairs and Harry nodded.

“Those sound pretty good,” Harry admitted as they came to a stop outside the girls’ dormitories. “Have a good sleep,” Harry told them and they both nodded as they entered the girls’ dormitories and Harry continued walking up the rest of the stairs till he arrived outside the

first years' boys' dormitories door, it had the sign First Years written across it in bold gold letters.

Harry opened the door and stepped in and took a look around. There were five poster beds; each one had curtains surrounding the beds. Harry could see that four of the beds were occupied and he walked over to the one that was empty and looked down at his trunk.

He lifted his pillow and pulled out his PJs that was under there, stripped his clothes and pulled on his PJs before climbing into bed.

He pulled off his glasses and set it on the bedside cabinet before sighing as he looked up at the ceiling, wondering how Sirius and Draco were getting on before closing his eyes. He had a feeling that it was going to be a long day tomorrow before he finally fell into a deep sleep.

Chapter 5: Lessons, Request and A Secret Revealed.

“First day,” Mia stated as Harry came down the stairs from his dormitories and he nodded.

“How do you think everyone is going to react to me coming back from the dead?” Harry asked when he reached the bottom. Mia slipped her arm through his and rested her head on his shoulder as they both walked out of the common room.

“I’ll guess we’ll find out when we head into the Great Hall,” she told him before pulling her head off Harry’s shoulder and looked up at him. “What did you think of Hermione?”

Harry looked down at her, startled at her question as they continued to walk. He wondered what brought that up.

“How do you mean?” Harry asked and she tilted her head slightly.

“How do you see her?” she amended and Harry shrugged.

“A little timid, maybe a little nervous,” Harry suggested and Mia nodded, causing Harry to look at his sister once more. “Do you want to tell me what is going on?” Mia sighed.

“It’s just, I don’t think she really ever had friends,” Mia admitted as she looked at Harry. “She seemed surprised when I tried to talk to her yesterday and when we went to our dormitory, she seemed nervous that I was trying to be her friend,” she explained and Harry’s eyes narrowed as he thought back.

“Now you mention it, she did seem surprised that I knew she was a muggle born,” Harry agreed and Mia grinned.

“You have no idea how much she bugged me about that. She still wants to know how you knew,” Mia informed him and Harry shrugged.

“Like you girls. You don’t give your secrets away, so you can’t expect a man to give away his,” he informed her as they came to a stop outside the Great Hall.

“Ready?” Mia asked and Harry shot a grin at her.

“I’ve been waiting for this,” Harry told her and they both pushed the doors opened and stepped in.

The Great Hall turned to face the doors and they met silence. Harry and Mia looked at each other before walking over to the Gryffindor table and took their place. They started filling out their plate as everyone continued to stare at them.

Mia was about to tuck into her breakfast when everyone’s stare started to get on her nerves so she slammed her fork back down on the table.

“What?” Mia asked, irritable as she looked around. “Have we grown two heads or something?”

“Miss Black...” Dumbledore started but Mia lifted a hand and stopped him.

“I’m getting tired of this, you all are the ones who gave Harry up for dead and didn’t even bother looking that hard. Now we’re at Hogwarts, we are here to be educated, and not to be stared at like a bunch of animals in a zoo,” she snapped. Everyone turned his or her eyes away and she sighed. “We’re normal kids just like you, so, who cares if my father is a supposedly murderer or that Harry defeated Voldemort. All we want is to be treated like a normal kids and we hope you can give us that,” she explained.

“She’s right,” McGonagall stated as she stood up. “What’s done is done, leave the past in the past,” she agreed with a pointed glare at Dumbledore. “And I expect to see you all treat Harry and Mia like normal people,” she warned them before composing herself. “Now get back to breakfast.”

“Dad did say that McGonagall was the level headed one,” Mia stated to Harry, who nodded in agreement.

“I think she will be a lot more reliable,” Harry stated and Mia tucked into her breakfast while Harry turned to look at Hermione. He stared

at her, thinking about Mia's comments about her earlier and wondered if Mia was right.

Hermione looked up, feeling Harry's stare and blushed slightly when she caught his eyes.

"What?" she asked and Harry shook himself out of his thoughts and focused himself back on reality.

"Sorry, just thinking," Harry told her. Her eyes narrowed and Harry could see that it wasn't just brown as he thought it was; he seemed to be a mixture of dark and light with some gold flecked when all of a sudden pain shot up his leg and he jerked away.

"Are you okay?" Hermione asked; concerned and puzzled about Harry's behaviour and Harry nodded.

"Yeah, I'm fine," he told her with a smile. She nodded as she turned back to her breakfast while Harry gritted his teeth and turned to looked at Mia and shot her a glare.

Mia returned the glare and moved her eyes, pointily, toward something on the table. Harry looked down only for his face to pale slightly as he lifted his fork and found it was melted around the middle. The realisation hit him - his powers had went a bit haywire and ended up attacking the poor fork. He looked up at Mia, who rolled her eyes in amusement as he shot a look at Hermione before bringing the fork onto his lap and fixed it before bringing it back up onto the table. He tucked into his food, suddenly famished and wanting to get away.

Mia shook her head in amusement as she turned back to her breakfast, enjoying herself.

Soon Breakfast came to an end and the head teachers made their way down from the head table and over to their respective houses with parchments in their hands.

"Timetables," McGonagall called out as she moved over to her table and started handing them out. Mia looked at hers.

“Oh great, we have potions this Friday,” she told Harry, who smirked and Mia rolled her eyes. “And you’re planning trouble,” she stated as Harry looked at her.

“I never said anything about that,” Harry informed her and she scoffed as she folded her timetable up and placed it into her skirt pocket. She stood up and felt a hard bump against her shoulder.

“Excuse me,” Mia exclaimed as she turned around to see a blonde standing next to her, she was wearing Slytherin robes and she was glaring at Mia.

“Watch where you’re going!” she snapped and Mia raised an eyebrow.

“Oh, I’m sorry, I thought I heard you say that I should watch where I’m going when you’re the one who bumped into me,” Mia stated and the girl sneered.

“People like you shouldn’t even be at this school,” she informed and Mia cocked her hip and placed one hand on it.

“People like me?” Mia questioned. “How do you mean, people like me?” she asked.

“Filthy blood,” she sneered and Mia laughed.

“Better get your facts straight Miss High and Mighty, my mum was a half blood while my dad is a pure blood,” Mia informed her. “And who might you be?”

“Pansy Parkinson,” she replied and Mia raised an eyebrow.

“Of course, an offspring of a Death Eater that hates me. Why am I not surprised?” Mia asked and Harry snorted into his pumpkin juice. He wiped the back of his mouth before standing up.

“Come on Mia, back in your cage,” he informed her and she snapped her teeth at him before turning back to face Pansy once more.

“Later,” she greeted was a wriggle of her fingers before side stepping the other girl and made her way out of the Great Hall. Harry followed

her with Hermione trailing behind. Ron just grabbed another roll and bacon before following them too. Pansy just stared after Mia's back with anger burning brightly in her dark eyes while Draco shook his head.

"Bad girl alright," Draco muttered to himself before walking out of the Great Hall too.

They headed off to their Transfiguration class where McGonagall was waiting for them. Harry had been right in his thoughts that while McGonagall was someone they could trust, she was also someone you wouldn't dare cross without getting some anger in return.

She had delighted them all when she had turned her table into a pig then changed it back only to informed them that they were nowhere near in getting anywhere near changing furniture into animals. Instead they were to change their matchsticks into needles.

"We've done this," Mia muttered under her breath and Harry nodded. They both concentrated on turning their matches into needles but did it slowly enough so that it seemed that they were having some problems with it. By the end of the lesson, Hermione the only one who had actually turned her match into a needle. Harry and Mia had refused to change the match into a needle so it would look like they were struggling rather than being ahead of everyone.

"Looks like McGonagall like Hermione," Harry whispered to Mia, who agreed as they led the way out the class.

"I hope we find the missing elemental soon", Mia said as she recalled the day they found their first animagus forms. "This way we get more training."

"I know, are you sure they will be here right now?" Harry asked and Mia nodded.

"Yes, Draco, You and I were all born in the same year, it would be make sense that they would be born in the same year as us," Mia told him and Harry sighed.

“I suppose we should start looking for whoever it is that makes up the last element,” Harry told her and Mia looked at him.

“How? He or She might not even be in Ravenclaw,” she told him and Harry shrugged.

“Maybe they’ll come to us,” Harry suggested as they headed off to the Great Hall. Mia had to go to the library to check out something, leaving Harry and Ron, who had caught up with them after transfiguration, alone.

They had entered the Great Hall when Hedwig flew down to Harry and dropped a letter before settling herself on the table.

“Hey girl,” Harry greeted as he reached out and stroked her feather, causing her to hoot and nibble his finger.

“She’s gorgeous,” Hermione told him from where she was sitting next to Harry. Hedwig turned to Hermione and walked over to her. Hermione let a hand reach over and softly stroked the snowy owl.

Harry watched the interaction with interest. Hedwig loved Mia but she was barely tolerant of Narcissa and Sirius. To see her take to another person was interesting. “What’s her name?” Hermione asked and Harry looked at her, broken out of his thoughts.

“Hedwig,” Harry told her. “You can feed her for me if you like,” he suggested as he handed Hermione some of his bacon. Hermione took a small bit of it and fed it to Hedwig, causing her to hoot her thanks while Harry read his letter. It was from Hagrid. “Hagrid wants to meet up with me this afternoon, to see how everything has been and how school is going,” Harry stated and Ron looked up.

“Can I come with you?” Ron asked. “I’ve always heard how great Hagrid is,” he explained and Harry nodded. He was interested in finding out more about Hagrid. Sirius had told him that the giant was the one who came to pick him up from the house to take him to the Dursleys, and even though he was loyal to Dumbledore, he was a good friend when the time called for it.

“Sure,” Harry told him as he wrote a reply before rolling it up. Hedwig walked over to him and stuck out her leg. “Are you sure?” Harry asked and got a hoot in demand in reply, causing him to sigh. “Okay, but after you deliver this message, its back to the owlerly,” he informed her as he tied the letter to her leg. She hooted once more before taking flight and flew out of the window, leaving Harry shaking his head in amusement. “I swear, she’s like Mia,” he muttered as he turned back to his meal. She is completely stubborn and refuses to take a break even when she knows she needs one. It took someone to tell them both to take a break before they would willingly take one.

Their first potion class had not started off well with Professor Snape. Still stung by Harry and Mia’s actions toward him the night when they had first encountered him in Professor Dumbledore’s office (when Harry had refused to let him access his mind in order to find out where Sirius was hiding), Snape had made it very clear throughout the lesson they had earned his wrath.

“I don’t expect you will really understand the beauty of the softly simmering cauldron with its shimmering fumes, the delicate power of liquid that creeps through human vein, bewitching the mind, ensnaring the senses...I can teach you how to bottle fame, brew glory, even put a stopper in death – if you weren’t as big a bunch of dunderheads as I usually have to teach!” Snape snapped.

Harry and Mia looked at each other in amusement while Hermione was biting her bottom lip, resisting the urge to throw her hand up and prove she wasn’t the dunderhead that Snape had claimed them all to be.

“Potter, what would I get if I added powdered root of asphodel to an infusion of wormwood?” Snape snapped. Hermione put her hand into air but Snape ignored her while Harry just stared at Snape, unwilling to answer. “Well, I guess being famous isn’t everything,” Snape stated with a sneer. “How about this, where would you look if I told you find me a bezoar?” Hermione’s hand started to wave in the air and Snape snorted. “Alright, one last questions, what is the difference between a monkshood and wolfsbane?”

“Sorry, didn’t think we needed to memorised the whole book,” Mia muttered under her breath and Snape looked at her and opened his mouth to say something.

“I think Hermione knows the answer, why don’t you try her?” Harry piped up and Snape glared at him. “And the answer is, asphodel and wormwood makes a sleeping potion so powerful that is it known as the Draught of Living Death,” Harry informed him.

“And a bezoar is a stone taken from the stomach of a goat and it will save you from most poisons,” Mia piped up.

“And monkshood and wolfsbane, they are the same plant, which also goes by the name of aconite,” Harry finished. Snape stared at them for a short moment before he snapped back into action.

“Well, why are you not copying it down?” he snapped and everyone’s quill started scratching as they copied the answers onto the parchments and Snape looked at Harry and Mia once more. “And five points, each, from Gryffindor for your cheek,” he informed before he turned to the board and Mia looked at Harry with a bored look, who nodded in reply.

Snape had told them all to pair up and start making a potion to cure boils when Neville’s potion had somehow managed to melt the leg of the cauldron and ended up flooding the Potion room, drenching the boy and causing angry red boils to appear.

“Ouch,” Mia whispered before looking around for something to help her get across to help Neville, as everyone climbed up onto his or her stools. She grabbed a book and enlarged it before placing it on top of the puddle and made her way over to Neville. “Don’t worry,” Mia told him.

“Idiot boy!” Snape snapped. “I suppose you didn’t take the cauldron off the fire before you added the porcupine quills!”

“Hey, it was a simple mistake,” Mia snapped and Snape glared at her.

“Take him to the hospital wing,” He told her and she glared back at him.

“Gladly,” she snapped before leading Neville out of the dungeon while Snape rounded on Harry.

“And I expect you did that on purpose, not telling Neville so you could make yourself look good,” Snape sneered. “That’s a point off,” he smirked before waving his wand. “Scourgify!” he shouted before turning back to his board.

Mia stepped back in the class and grabbed her bag and Neville’s as she joined up with the rest of the Gryffindor when they told her what happened.

“Jesus, Uncle Sirius said that he was a bastard but I didn’t think he meant this much,” Harry informed Mia as they left the Classroom and Mia nodded.

“Dad never told us the full story of what really happened between Snape and the rest of them. I guess we’ll find out as we go along,” Mia stated and Harry sighed.

“He hates us,” Harry muttered and Mia shook her head.

“And I always thought you couldn’t blame the child for the sins of the parents,” Mia stated. Harry sighed in agreement as he led the way into the common room, where they saw everyone surrounding the notice board.

Harry made his way over to the couch and sat down while Mia made her way over to the notice board to see what the fuss was about. She rolled her eyes when she finally saw what caused the excitement and moved back to Harry.

“We have flying lessons,” Mia stated and Harry looked up.

“With who?” he asked.

“Slytherin,” Mia replied and Harry frowned slightly.

“We don’t seem to have a lot of classes with Slytherin,” Harry noticed which Mia agreed with.

“I think its Dumbledore’s way of trying to unite the houses without overloading us with the Slytherin. Dad did say that Gryffindor and Slytherin are more rivals than anyone else,” Mia told him as she moved over to the chair and sat down.

“Hm, makes sense,” Harry told her and shook his head. “When’s the class?”

“Thursday afternoon,” Mia told him as she pulled out a book from her bag, flipping through it when she heard a noise and turned to see Hermione standing at the board with a slight pale look. “I think Hermione has a fear of heights - she’s already paling at the thought of having flying lessons,” Mia told Harry. He looked over to see that Mia was right and frowned. “What’s with you?”

“I don’t know. I get this feeling that I know her but at the same time I don’t,” Harry replied and they watched the bushy-haired witch together for a while.

“Do you think she might be the missing one or is it just your hormones taking over?” she asked and he glared at her.

“My hormones are not taking over,” he informed her and she arched an eyebrow.

“Sorry, did you or did you not stare at Hermione this morning and I had to kick you in the shin to get your brain back to reality?” she asked. Harry flushed red as he glared at his sister.

“I hate you,” he muttered as he slumped back down on his chair.

“No, you love me,” Mia replied as she turned back to her book.

“Have you seen this?” Hermione asked as she appeared next to Harry’s side of the couch, causing him to jump. Mia bit her bottom lip to hold her smile and laughter back.

“Seen what?” Harry asked once he had regained his composure and looked up at Hermione. She was staring at him like he had grown another head before shaking her own.

“The notice that we’re having flying lessons?” she asked and Mia nodded.

“Yeah, Thursday with Slytherin,” Mia stated before looking up at her. “Do you have a fear of heights and flying?” she asked and Hermione looked at her, startled.

“How do you know these things about me?” Hermione demanded as she sat down on the chair and Mia grinned.

“I saw you pale when you read the notice and since you don’t really seem to care about Slytherin, I took a guess,” Mia explained and Hermione sighed.

“Yeah, I mean, if I’m in a plane, I’m fine. I have this whole metal structure surrounding me and I’m not sitting near the window. But being up high with nothing to protect you...” she trailed off and Mia nodded in understanding.

“Don’t worry; it’s a common thing believe it or not. Just take a deep breath and count to ten and relax. Just don’t think of the ground below you, although I’m not telling you not to look down because it’s a reflex action for you to do that,” Mia explained and Harry looked at her.

“Why do people say don’t look down when you know they are going to do just that?” Harry asked and Hermione scoffed.

“Probably because they think you will obey,” Hermione muttered.

“You’ll be fine,” Mia soothed. “The teacher won’t make us go really high. They need to build confidence up in order to get people to go higher than they want,” Mia explained and Harry nodded in agreement.

“She’s right, they’re not allowed just to make us go straight into the air and start doing things,” Harry told her before looking at his watch. “And if you excuse me, I’m meeting up with Ron. Catch you girls later,” he told them before leaving the common room, with the girls staring after his back.

Harry met up with Ron at the entrance of Hogwarts and they made their way over to Hagrid's hut, where Harry knocked on the door.

"Just a minute," Hagrid called out though the loud din of barking. "Back Fang!" Hagrid barked. "Let me answer the door." The door opened and they saw Hagrid holding back a large black dog as he let the kids in.

"Sit anywhere you want," Hagrid told them as they entered the hut. They looked around and saw it was just one big room. There was a table and two large chairs with a huge bed that sat in the corner next to a fireplace. The boys took one of the large chairs and faced Hagrid as he shut the door and let Fang go, who bounded over and started licking them.

They told him all about their classes and Hagrid had become a bit worried when they told him about Snape's attitude.

"He hates you and Mia, that's for sure," Ron stated and Harry nodded in agreement.

"Don't be ridiculous - why would Snape hate Harry?" Hagrid asked and Harry looked at him.

"I know that he and my dad weren't good friends when they went to Hogwarts. Uncle Sirius told us," Harry explained but Hagrid shook his head.

"There is no way he hates you," Hagrid informed him but Harry noticed that Hagrid didn't look at him in the eyes. It was at that point that Harry saw a paper clipping from the Daily Prophet on the table and picked it up.

GRINGOTTS BREAK-IN LATEST

Investigations continue into the break-in at Gringotts on 31 July, widely believed to be the work of dark wizard or witches unknown.

Gringotts' goblins today insisted that nothing had been taken. The vault that was searched had in fact been emptied the same day.

'But we're not telling you what was in there, so keep your noses out if you know what's good for you,' said a Gringotts spoksgoblin this afternoon.

"Hm, the same day as my birthday," Harry muttered to himself.

"What's that?" Ron asked as he looked over in Harry's hand and Harry showed it to him.

"Someone broke into Gringotts. Whatever they were looking for had already been taken earlier the same day," Harry explained and Ron shook his head.

"Don't know why anyone would want to steal anything from Gringotts. They would have to be mad," Ron stated and Harry nodded in agreement as he turned to face the giant once more, thinking about Hagrid's actions. He realized that Hagrid knew more than he was telling.

As Harry and Ron made their way back to the castle, Harry found himself thinking about everything so far and started to wonder about the break in that happened on his birthday. He knew he should brush it off as a coincidence but something deep inside of him told him that it was more than that, that there was going to trouble.

Soon enough, their lessons of Flying came round quicker than Harry expected. He and the rest of the first year Gryffindor made their way out into the front ground outside of Hogwarts and stood next to the brooms on one side while Slytherin took up the other side.

They saw a tall female walking toward them. She had short brown hair and yellow eyes that reminded Harry of a Hawk.

"Good afternoon," she announced as she walked past them.

"Good afternoon, Madam Hooch," the class greeted as she came to an end of the line and turned to face them.

"Welcome to your first flying lessons," she told them while inspecting the students. "Well, what are you waiting for?" Madam Hooch

demanded. “Put your right hand over the broom and say in a nice clear voice, up!”

Everyone looked down at their broom and took a deep breath before doing what they were told.

“Up!” everyone stated. Harry, Mia and Draco’s brooms shot into their hands.

Hermione’s broom just levitated slightly and turned itself around; ignoring her while she kept calling up.

“UP!” Ron nearly shouted and his broom shot up, hitting him in the nose, causing Harry and Dean, who were on each of him, to laugh.

“Shut up Harry,” Ron told him as he rubbed his nose before placing his hand over the broom once more.

Soon everyone got their brooms into their hands and faced the teacher once more.

“Get on your broom and when I blow my whistle, you will lift off from the ground and hover for a few seconds before touching back down,” Hooch told them. The students mounted and Madam Hooch raised her whistle to her mouth and was about to blow it when Neville’s broom started rising higher.

“Neville!” Hermione exclaimed when she saw this and Harry turned to see that Neville’s broom was now a good ten foot off the ground. “What are you doing boy?” Madam Hooch demanded. “Get back down here!”

“Someone make this thing stop!” Neville shouted; clinging to his broom as it started to shoot off. Harry muttered under his breath as he jumped and his broom shot into the air, causing him to shoot forward.

“Mister Harry Potter!” Madam Hooch shouted.

“He’ll catch Neville,” Mia promised and the professor turned to face the girl, who shrugged. “Dad always said never leave a friend to deal

with danger himself. Always help out when you can," Mia explained before turning to watch as Harry got under Neville's broom, just as the frightened boy crashed into the wall, causing Neville to fall and land onto Harry's broom.

"Gotcha!" Harry grunted as he held Neville close to him before reaching out and grabbing the Remembrall as it shot back down from the air from where it had been forced out from Neville's pocket, due to the bucking of the broom. "Don't worry, just close your eyes and you'll be back on the ground before you know it," Harry told the whimpering boy. Neville nodded as he closed his eyes tightly while Harry slowly guided them back down to the ground.

Once his feet hit the ground, Madam Hooch made her way over to them and helped Neville from the broom. She took his arm into her hand and winced slightly.

"Looks like you broke your wrist," she told him. He was about to speak when a loud female voice boomed across the grass.

"Mister Potter!" They all spun around to see McGonagall bearing down on them. Harry got off his broom and gave the ball back to Neville before handing Madam Hooch the broom and stepping forward toward McGonagall. "Never in my years..." she breathed out before shaking her head. "Follow me," she informed him and Harry left with her.

Hermione turned to Mia, who shook her head and gave her a smile.

"Relax, he'll be fine," she told her and Hermione nodded, still not understanding.

"Okay, class time is over, go back to your common room," Madam Hooch told them. "I'm gonna take Neville up to the Hospital Wing." She led the young boy away while everyone went back to the small broom closet and placed the broomsticks back in then made their way back to the common room.

"How much trouble do you think Harry will be in?" Hermione asked and Mia shrugged with a smirk.

“Depends on how much he keeps his mouth shut. Daddy didn’t raise no fool,” Mia stated as they made their way into their common room and took her place on the couch.

“He’s Harry Potter, how much trouble can he get in?” Ron exclaimed from where he was sitting on the chair, causing both girls to throw dark looks at him.

Harry followed McGonagall down the corridor, wondering where she was taking him when she came to a stop outside a classroom. Harry looked up and saw it was the Defence Against The Dark Arts class. The stern looking professor knocked and opened it.

“Sorry Professor Quirrell, may I speak with Wood please?” she asked and he nodded as he waved a hand at a young boy of 15. Harry saw that he had light brown hair and blue eyes; wearing Gryffindor robes. He was eyeing Harry with curiosity.

“Yes Professor McGonagall?” Wood asked and Harry looked up at McGonagall only for his eyes to widen when he saw that she was barely holding her excitement in.

“Wood, this is Harry Potter, Harry, this is Oliver Wood, the captain of the Gryffindor Quidditch team,” she told him before turning to Wood. “Wood, I have found you a seeker!” Her voice bubbled with excitement and Harry’s eyes widened once more before he looked at Wood, who now shared her exuberance and he sighed.

‘Yeah, *normal year alright*’ Harry thought.

“Seeker?” Mia squealed and Harry nodded. He had arrived at the Common Room and found Hermione and Mia waiting for him - they had pounced on him the second he entered the room with questions and he had explained what happened.

“But you must the youngest seeker in a ...” Hermione trailed off.

“In a century,” Harry told her and Hermione shook her head.

“First years don’t get to be seekers,” Hermione informed him and Harry grinned.

“The perks of being the ‘Golden Boy’,” Harry stated. “Dumbledore was more than happy to let me be on the team, regardless of my age.”

“Another one of his tricks,” Mia stated and Harry nodded, leaving Hermione confused about what they were talking about. “Are you gonna take it up?”

“Hell yeah, it’s Quidditch!” Harry exclaimed and Mia grinned.

“Your father would be so proud,” Mia stated as she dropped her head back on the armrest. She was lying on the couch with Hermione sitting on the other end with Mia’s feet on her lap.

“How do you mean?” Hermione asked as she looked at Mia and Mia looked at Hermione.

“Harry’s Dad, James, was on the Quidditch team, he played Chaser,” Mia explained and Hermione nodded as she looked at Harry.

“But he preferred Seeker better as he’s always playing with the Snitch,” Harry informed her. Hermione smiled slightly as she thought about it before she looked at her watch.

“Dinner time,” she told them and they nodded as Mia swung herself upright. Harry got off his chair and they moved over toward the door when Ron came down the stairs.

“Harry,” he called out. Harry stopped and turned to face the red-haired boy. Mia shook her head in annoyance as she left the Common Room with Hermione following her.

“You really don’t like Ron do you?” Hermione asked and Mia snorted.

“No,” Mia replied as she continued walking with Hermione following her. “What’s up?” Harry asked as Ron neared him and they both left the common room together.

“How much trouble did you get into?” He asked and Harry grinned.

“None,” Harry told him and Ron looked at him.

“How do you mean?” Ron asked.

“I’m on the Quidditch team. I’m now the seeker,” Harry told him. Ron came to an abrupt stop as he stared at Harry.

“What?” Ron exclaimed and Harry grinned.

“Yep. McGonagall took me to see Wood and told him that she had found him a Seeker and Dumbledore agreed so I’m not really in any trouble at all,” Harry explained. Ron shook his head.

“You must be the youngest seeker in a century!” Ron told him and Harry nodded as they both started moving and headed over to the Great Hall. Harry moved over to his seat next to Hermione while Ron took up his seat next to Neville, who was between him and Mia.

“Professor Dumbledore seems pretty happy with himself,” Mia commented to Harry. He looked over Hermione’s head and saw that Dumbledore exuding pride as he raised his goblet slightly to Harry before he turned to face a teacher who had requested his attention. Harry turned back to face Mia with a smirk. He knew that Dumbledore thought he had won Harry over by allowing him the position of Seeker on Quidditch.

“So he should be,” Harry told her and Mia grinned as she shook her head before a voice cut into their time.

“Well, I see that Harry Potter hasn’t been kicked out of school,” a drawl stated and they turned to see Malfoy standing behind them.

“What do you want, Malfoy?” Ron spat out and Malfoy shot him a cool look.

“Relax Weasley, I’m not talking to you,” Malfoy informed him before turning back to Harry.

“Yes, I’m still in school,” Harry replied coolly and Malfoy arched an eyebrow.

“Want to prove yourself, do you?” Malfoy asked and Mia straightened.

“How do you mean?” Mia asked and Malfoy turned to look at her.

“A midnight duel,” Malfoy stated and Mia tilted her head slightly.

“Who’s your second?” she asked.

“Crabbe,” Malfoy stated after sizing up the two boys and turned to face Harry. “Yours?”

“I am,” Mia jumped in before Ron could speak up. “I’m Harry’s second.”

“Fine, meet us in the trophy room at midnight,” Draco stated before stalking off.

“Who the hell does he think he is?” Ron muttered under his breath as he tore at his bread.

“Just someone who’s spoilt,” Mia stated as she shot Harry a warning look. Ron was getting a little defensive when it came to Malfoy. He nodded as he turned back to his dinner.

Soon dinner was over and everyone headed back up to his or her common room.

“So, you’re going tonight?” Ron asked and Harry nodded.

“Yeah, just Mia and I. We’ll be back before you know it,” Harry told him as they made their way into the boys’ dormitory to get ready for bed.

When Harry was sure that everyone was still asleep, he snuck out of his bed and grabbed his trousers and a top before sliding his second wand into his leg holster. He grabbed his primary wand and placed it into his arm holster before grabbing a hoodie and pulled it on just as a soft knock came at the door. Harry grabbed his trainers and slipped them on before sneaking over and slipped out.

Mia stood there; her black hair was drawn up into a ponytail. She wore the same outfit as Harry.

“Half Eleven, let’s move,” Mia whispered and Harry nodded as they crept their way toward the door when a female voice stopped them.

“You do realise that you are going to get us into trouble?” They spun around to see Hermione standing there. She was dressed in her PJs with her robes over them and slippers.

“Hermione, go back to bed,” Mia hissed as she hurried over to the door and walked out with Harry and Hermione following her.

“You are going to get caught and you’ll get us to lose points; that’s not fair on the rest of us!” Hermione exclaimed and Harry sighed.

“Hermione, we won’t get caught. We’re just going to settle a score then we’re coming straight back!” he explained. Hermione sighed as she turned around to face the portrait only to let out a cry of shock when she realised that the Fat Lady had gone.

“You better come with us. We’re not leaving you here alone,” Mia stated. Hermione moved closer to Harry and they stalked their way through the corridors till they reached the trophy room, only for a meow to interrupt their adventure.

They spun around to see Mrs Morris, Filch’s cat, standing there.

“Filch, run!” Mia hissed and they ran down the corridor as fast as they could till they reached a door and slammed their way into it. They came to a stop when they saw the corridor was covered in dust and cobwebs.

“What floor is this?” Harry asked as he looked around and Hermione’s face paled with recognition.

“It’s the third floor, the one that’s out of bound,” Hermione explained when the torches lit up.

“He’s coming!” Mia exclaimed as she rushed forward with Hermione and Harry following her till they reached a door. Harry pulled at the handle before shaking his head.

“Alohomora!” Harry exclaimed and the door unlocked, allowing Harry to push the girls ahead of him before he stepped through and shut it behind him.

“That was close,” Mia stated as they breathed heavily.

“Sniff around my sweet,” Filch stated to Mrs Morris as he looked around the forbidden corridor. Mrs Norris sniffed around before she turned back to her master and followed him out of the forbidden corridor.

“Way too close,” Hermione stated.

“Not any more,” Harry stated, causing the two girls to turn around and saw what had caught Harry’s eyes.

There was a large brown dog in the middle of the room, sleeping. The thing about the dog that scared them cold was the fact it had three heads. The dog opened its eyes as it locked on to the three figures in front of it and growled before standing up.

“What the...!” Mia exclaimed as she looked at the sight in front of her before she spun around and yanked the door back open before hurrying through it with Hermione and Harry hot on her heels.

They rounded the door and slammed it into place with Hermione pulling down the lock just as the dog hit the door.

They walked backward till their back hit the wall and sighed in relief.

“Who the hell thought of keeping a dog that size in a room that size?” Mia demanded and Harry shook his head.

“I don’t know and right now, I don’t care. Let’s get back to the tower before we get caught,” he told them and they nodded in agreement and hurried away from the room that held the three-headed dog that nearly tore their heads off.

They moved swiftly through the common room after Harry hissed out the password and made their way up the stairs where the dormitories were.

“Why would anyone want to leave a dog like that locked up in a small room? That’s not fair to it,” Mia stated and Hermione looked at her.

“Did you not see what it was standing on?” she asked and Harry looked at her.

“Sorry, I was a little preoccupied with the fact it had *three* heads!” Harry exclaimed and Hermione rolled her eyes.

“It was standing on a trapdoor. It was obviously protecting something,” Hermione explained and Mia looked at her.

“Protecting what? What on earth could be so important that it needs to be protected by a three headed dog?” Mia asked and Hermione shrugged.

“What about what we learned at Hagrid’s?” Harry asked; causing the two girls to look at him and understanding dawned on him. “Oh right, sorry. Ron was the one who was there when I got the message. There was a newspaper at Hagrid’s hut, it said that someone tried to break into Gringotts but nothing was stolen as that particular vault had been emptied out earlier,” Harry explained and Mia frowned.

“So, whatever it was, it’s now here and under protection?” she asked and Harry shrugged.

“Well, whatever it was, we’re not going to find out tonight,” Hermione stated before straightening her back. “Now if you excuse me, I’m going to go back to bed before you get us all killed, or worse, Expelled,” Hermione stated before she made her way into the girls’ dormitories. Mia and Harry looked at each other.

“Yeah, I think you’re on the right track with her. I don’t think she had many friends before here so she sticks to the rules,” Harry told Mia, who nodded in agreement.

“I like her,” Mia whispered and Harry smirked.

“Even though she is a bit mental. I mean seriously, being expelled is worse than dead?” he asked before shaking his head. Mia rolled her

eyes before laughing slightly as she entered the dormitory and Harry made his way up to his dormitories.

He entered the room and saw that everyone was still sleeping before making his way over to his bed. He climbed in and took off his glasses before he stared at the ceiling. Hermione's flashing angry eyes rose before his mind and he smirked to himself. He had to admit she did look cute when she was angry before he closed his eyes and willed himself into a deep sleep.

Chapter 6: Lessons, Halloween, First Quidditch Match and A Secret Revealed.

The next morning, Harry and Mia made their way down to the Great Hall, this time with Ron accompanying them.

“So, he didn’t even show up?” Ron asked Harry and Harry shook his head, lying.

“No, we think that Filch must have nearly caught up with him,” Harry explained. He hated lying but he knew it was the only way to protect Draco’s secret that they were like brothers in order to protect him from his father.

“No, it just means he a coward,” Ron informed Harry as they stepped into the Great Hall and made their way over to the table. Mia scrunched her nose in annoyance at Ron before taking her seat across from Harry, who sat down next to Hermione.

“What class do we have?” Harry asked and Hermione looked at her timetable.

“Charms most of today,” Hermione told him and he nodded as they filled their plates up, gearing themselves up for their lessons ahead of them.

They entered their Charms classroom. Hermione had been paired up with Ron while Harry was paired up with Seamus. Harry and Seamus were sitting next to Ron while Mia was sitting front of Harry and Seamus while being paired with Neville.

Professor Flitwick was a small wizard who was currently standing on top of a pile of books so he could see the class properly. He was instructing them on how to use the Levitating charm properly, not that everyone was getting it.

“You’re doing it wrong,” Hermione stated as she grabbed Ron’s wrist to stop him from trying to poke someone eye out.

“You do it then if you’re so smart,” Ron shot at her and she glared at him before turning to her feather. She waved her wand before giving it a small flick at the end.

“Wingardium Leviosa,” Hermione stated and her feather flew a few feet off her desk and hovered in the air.

“Oh well done Miss Granger!” Professor Flitwick praised excitedly while Ron glowered at Hermione before pushing his books aside and rested his head on the desk.

Meanwhile, Seamus lifted his wand and gave the same movement.

“Wingardium Leviosa,” he cried only for a loud bang to come from his feather. Everyone turned to look and saw that Seamus’ face was now black from soot and the side of Harry’s face was covered as well.

“Jesus, what is it with you boys?” Mia demanded from where she was sitting in front of them while Professor Flitwick shook his head.

“I think we need another feather, professor,” Harry stated as he looked at the teacher.

The class was let out and Harry found himself walking with Ron, Dean and Seamus. Ron was complaining about his class and a certain girl.

“No wonder anyone can’t stand her,” Ron grumbled. “She’s a nightmare!” Dean and Seamus nodded in agreement while Harry shot Ron a look. He was about to speak up when all of a sudden he felt a bump against his shoulder and he turned to see Hermione walking away from them, very fast with tears clear on her cheeks.

“I think she heard you,” Harry observed. Ron looked at her before scoffing. He was about to say something when he felt a hard bump against his arm and turned to see Mia glaring at him.

“Can you be anymore of an prat?” Mia snapped before shaking her head and hurried after Hermione, leaving them alone and Harry whistled.

“And you are now in her bad books,” Harry informed Ron before clapping him on the back. “It was good to know you.” Harry walked off, leaving Ron alone with Dean and Seamus, the three of them wondering what Harry meant.

Everyone entered the Great Hall for the Halloween feast. Harry was sitting in his usual spot and he looked at the empty space beside him before looking around.

“Does anyone know where Hermione is?” Harry asked. Neville turned to look at him before leaning in.

“Lavender and Parvati said that they found her in the girl’s toilet, crying. She refused to come out,” Neville explained, Harry looked at Mia, who nodded.

“Not even I could get her out. She said she wanted to be alone,” Mia explained before shooting Ron another glare.

“I’ll talk to her after the feast and see if I can sneak some food away,” Harry told Mia, who nodded in return when all of a sudden the Great Hall doors were slammed open.

“TROLL!” a male voice shouted.

Everyone turned to see Professor Quirrell running through the Great Hall. “There’s a troll in the dungeon!” he shouted and Professor Dumbledore stood up with the rest of the teachers. “Just thought you ought to know,” Professor Quirrell stated before he fainted to the ground.

Everyone around Harry and Mia started screaming, they both looked at each other with a bored look.

“Quiet!” Dumbledore shouted and everyone jumped as they all turned to face him. “Prefects, please take your house to your dorms, teachers, follow me,” Dumbledore ordered. Everyone followed his or her prefects when Mia grabbed Harry’s arm.

“Hermione doesn’t know,” Mia hissed. Harry looked around before cursing.

“Come on, let’s go and find her,” Harry hissed as he and Mia slipped away from the line. Ron noticed them going off and chased after them.

“Where are you going?” Ron asked and Mia shot him a look.

“Why are you following us?” she asked and Ron glared at him.

“Because we’re not suppose to be away from the prefects,” Ron hurried after her as they rounded a corner into the corridor that led to the girl’s bathroom when a stench hit their nose.

“Oh god!” Mia moaned as she covered her nose and mouth and all three of them backed back round the corner.

“I guess we can safely say it’s now out of the dungeons,” Harry informed them before looking back round and saw the troll heading into a room and fear started to coil in the pit of his stomach. “Mia, that’s the girl’s toilet, isn’t it?” Harry asked and Mia nodded.

“Yeah, why?” she asked.

“Because the troll just went in it,” Harry informed her and they both burst out from their hiding place ran over to the bathroom, Ron followed them at a much slower pace.

Harry and Mia burst into the bathroom only to cover their faces when wood started flying toward them. Harry turned and saw Hermione lying under the now smashed stalls, under the wood just as the troll lifted his club.

“Move!” Harry shouted. Hermione brushed the wood away only for her face to pale when she saw the troll preparing to bring the club down on her, when something hit the side of the troll’s head.

Puzzled and disorientated, the troll turned to see Mia bouncing a rock in her hand.

“Move it,” Mia shouted, keeping an eye on the troll. It swung around to face her, letting Hermione get up from under her pile and she ran behind the troll to the other side of the bathroom.

The troll swung around and brought his club around with him at the same time. Harry's eyes widen when he saw that Hermione was in the club's path.

"Hermione, MOVE!" Harry shouted as the troll swung his club toward Hermione. Hermione ducked down and hid under the sink just as a club hit the wall.

"Keep moving!" Mia shouted as Ron threw a piece of wood at the troll's head, hitting on the side while the troll swung the club once more and Hermione move from under her spot as she crawled over to where Harry and Mia was just when the club swung down and smashed the sink that Hermione had just left.

"Argh!" Hermione screamed as she covered her head from the flying porcelain of the sink.

"Keep moving Hermione, don't stop!" Mia shouted and Hermione made to move only for the club to smash down onto the sink that was next to hers, causing her to shriek and shrink back. "It's not gonna let her go, it wants her dead," Mia told Harry and Ron as they both looked around for something to distract the Troll but they couldn't find anything.

"What the hell can we do?" Ron exclaimed out, frustrated. "The woods and rocks are not keeping him confused enough for Hermione to get away!"

"Fuck it," Harry muttered as he shred his robes before taking a deep breath. He ran up behind the troll and jumped up till he leaned on the troll back. He grabbed his knife that was in his boot before reaching forward and ran the knife across the troll's neck.

The troll howled as it reached up with one hand and felt the blood trickling before it reached up and grabbed Harry's leg, swinging him off it's shoulder and upside down as it raised it's club and swung it across Harry, only for him to jerk his body up so the club missed him. When the club came back, Harry straightened his body out and looked at Mia.

“Do something!” Harry shouted and Mia flicked her wrist, causing her wand to shoot out from its holster and into her hand. She waved her wand and added a flick to the end.

“Wingardium Leviosa!” Mia shouted and the troll’s club was pulled out of his hand and lifted into the air while Harry stayed hanging upside down. The troll looked around, confused to what had happened to his club when Ron leaned into Mia.

“Drop it on his head,” Ron suggested and Mia nodded as she cut the spell, letting it dropped down onto the troll’s head as hard as it could, causing the troll to drop Harry, hard, onto the ground.

“Ouch,” Harry moaned as he laid on his back only to hear a gasp. He looked up and saw that the troll was swaying dangerously. He started scrambling backward as fast as he could till he reached safety just as the troll dropped down on to the same place Harry had been. “That was too close,” Harry muttered as he got up and brushed his clothes and picked up his robes.

Hermione hurried over to them, still shaking from the aftermath.

“Hey, you okay?” Mia asked as she touched the girl’s elbow and got a nod in reply.

“Thanks,” Hermione whispered and Harry shook his head.

“No problem,” Harry stated while Ron moved closer.

“How the hell did a troll get in here in the first place?” Ron demanded when the bathroom door was flung open once more, revealing Professor McGonagall, Professor Snape and Professor Quirrell.

McGonagall gasped as one hand covered her base of her throat when she saw the kids covered in dust and the troll lying on the floor, a large redness spot started to appear on the head and she could see blood trailing out under the troll’s body.

“What happened here?” she demanded. “Why are you not in your common room?”

"Hermione was upset earlier and she hid in here. When Professor Quirrell came in, screaming about the Troll, we realised that she didn't know," Harry explained.

"And we couldn't find a prefect or a teacher anywhere so we went after her ourselves, thinking that the Troll was heading for the dungeons only to be forced to rescues Hermione when the Troll made it's way into the bathroom," Mia backed up and they all looked at her.

"This has got to be the most foolish thing I have ever seen in my entire life!" she scolded them and they looked down at their feet. "Five points...awarded each, for sheer stupidity," she told them and they looked at each other, smiling slightly before they looked back up at the teachers. "Now go to bed and don't let me see you till tomorrow," she ordered them and the kids nodded as they hurried out of the bathroom, leaving the teachers alone to deal with the troll.

"That was a close one," Harry stated and Mia nodded in agreement as she looked over at Hermione.

"Let's go to bed," Mia told them as she helped Hermione over to their dormitories. "See you in the morning," she called back.

"Later," Harry called back as he led the way up the boys' room.

"How did you guys managed to stay cool through out that?" Ron asked and Harry shrugged.

"Guess we all have different reflexes," Harry told him as he moved over to his bed and pulled on his PJs before climbing into his bed as Ron did the same.

"Yeah, I guess," Ron, agreed before looking at Harry. "Night," he told Harry before switching his light off. Harry nodded.

"Night," Harry repeated as he switched his light off and lay back down on the bed and breathed heavily. He had managed to squeak by that one and he needed to have a talk with Mia soon. People were beginning to get suspicious about their actions and they couldn't afford to give anything else away too quickly.

With this in mind, Harry took his glasses off and sat them on the bedside table before letting sleep overtake him, washing away the day before.

“Hey, you okay?” Harry asked from where he was standing at the bottom of the stairs the next morning. Hermione’s head snapped up and she met Harry’s concerned green eyes and blushed slightly.

“Yeah, thanks,” she told him and Harry shook his head.

“Don’t mention it, just glad you are okay,” Harry told her and she nodded as they turned to see Mia coming down the stairs.

“Hey guys,” she greeted and they nodded back before Mia looked at Harry. “It’s somebody’s first game today,” she teased and Harry paled slightly.

“Don’t remind me,” Harry muttered and Mia rolled her eyes as she stepped to Harry’s left and hooked her arm through his, Harry lifted out his other one to Hermione, who took with a small smile and a laugh as they made their way out of the common room.

“Why not?” Mia asked as they made their way down the corridor before looking at Harry as understanding dawned on her. “Oh don’t tell me you’re scared!” she exclaimed.

“Mia, of all the time I played Quidditch, it was with you,” Harry informed her, leaving Draco out. “Not in front of the entire school,” he reminded and she nodded.

“I think you’ll be fine,” Hermione spoke up and they looked at her. “You did well when you went chasing after Neville’s Remembrall and that was in front of us. Just forget the school is there and concentrate on having fun,” Hermione advised and Mia nodded in agreement.

“She is the smartest witch so far, you are best off taking her advice,” Mia told Harry and he laughed as he let go of their arms only to wrap his arms around their shoulders, pulling them into a sideway hug.

“You girls are too much for me,” Harry teased, causing them both to laugh.

“Does this mean we’re friends now?” Hermione asked and they both looked at her, stunned.

“Yes!” they both exclaimed and Hermione smiled.

“Then that means I get to tell Harry he has to eat a breakfast or he’ll pass out while flying?” she asked in a teasing tone and Mia laughed as Harry pushed Hermione, teasingly.

“And here’s me thinking that I would at least have someone on my side,” Harry grumbled, good-naturedly.

“Sorry, girls have to stick together,” Hermione informed Harry as she and Mia stepped forward, links arms together and made their way into the Great Hall, leaving Harry shaking his head as he followed. They saw Ron sitting at the table, his plate filled up.

“Hungry much?” Mia asked in amusement. Harry had noticed that Mia had become a lot warmer to Ron now that he helped to save Hermione and Ron arched an eyebrow at her.

“Hell yeah!” Ron stated as he shoved another piece of sausage into his mouth while Hermione wrinkled her nose as she sat in her usual spot with Harry sitting next to her. Mia took up her place next to Ron and filled out her plate. “How you feeling about the Quidditch Match?” Ron asked, once he swallowed his food. Harry shrugged as his picked at his breakfast and Ron frowned. “Relax mate, you’ll be fine.”

“As long you eat some food. We can’t have you passing out on the pitch,” Hermione stated with a warning look at Harry.

“I’m not really hungry,” Harry admitted and she sighed.

“Just some toast or something. The last thing we need is you passing out,” Hermione informed him while Ron looked at Mia with an amused look on his face. She covered her mouth to stifle her laughers.

There was a screech and everyone looked up to see Hedwig flying toward Harry, carrying a large package. She stopped above Harry and dropped the package before flying down and settled herself on the table.

“Here you go girl,” Mia greeted as she handed Hedwig some bacon, who took it with a small hoot and Hermione smiled before looking at Harry.

“It’s a bit early for mail, isn’t it?” Hermione asked and Harry shrugged.

“Let’s open it,” Ron told them and all four moved over and helped Harry’s to tear the package, revealing a broom.

“It’s a broomstick!” Hermione exclaimed and Ron shook his head.

“That’s not any broomstick, that’s a Nimbus 2000!” Ron exclaimed and Mia looked at Harry, who looked back at her and pointed his index finger at her.

“You told him!” Harry accused and Mia smirked.

“Yes!” Mia shot back with a grin. “He was excited when he found out that you were on the team that he went out and bought you this broom,” Mia explained.

“Who?” Ron asked and Mia turned to face him.

“Dad,” she explained and Ron nodded in understanding before whistling.

“You do realise that you will get to beat Slytherin with this, no problem,” Ron stated and Harry grinned as he picked up the broom.

“I think that was Uncle Sirius’s intentions,” Harry stated and Mia nodded.

“Yeah, he had been keeping up with the match here and it turns out that Gryffindor haven’t really won a game since Ron’s brother, Charlie was a seeker,” Mia explained and Ron looked at her, shocked.

“Really?” he asked and Mia nodded.

“Yeah, mostly due to the fact that Slytherin use brute force while making sure it’s within the book rules so they can’t get called off,” Mia explained and Ron shook his head.

“No pressure on you mate,” Ron stated and Harry laughed weakly as he looked at his watch.

“Oh, I gotta go, the match’s gonna start soon,” he informed them. “Meet you there?” he asked and they nodded before Hermione shoved a piece of buttered toast into his hand.

“Eat it!” she ordered them. Harry laughed as he grabbed his broom before rushing out of the Great Hall with the rest of the Quidditch team behind him, eating the toast.

“Yes mum,” Mia stated and Ron laughed while Hermione blushed bright red before shuffling through her bag. “Hermione, you do realise we don’t have class today?” she teased and Hermione’s head snapped up and blushed again while Ron shook his head in amusement as they all turned back to their food as Hedwig left for the owerly.

Harry made his way near the pitch, dressed in his Quidditch outfit. He wore red trousers and red top, Quidditch boots, knees guards, arm guards and wrist guards. His red cloak flared out slightly as he clutched his broom and walked over to the doors next to Oliver.

“It’s going to be okay,” Oliver told him and Harry looked up at him. “I was nervous too before my first match too.”

“What happened?” Harry asked and Oliver narrowed his eyes slightly.

“Don’t remember, I took a bludger to the head and woke up in the Hospital wing a week later,” he admitted and Harry turned back to face the doors with even more panic reflected on his face. Fear raced through his body as the doors opened.

“And now for the Gryffindor team!” the announcer shouted and the players got on their broom and shot into the air. “The Three Chasers – Johnson, Bell and Spinnet!” Harry looked over and saw it was Fred and George’s best friend, Lee Jordan who was announcing the Quidditch game. “Weasley and Weasley for the Beaters!” The twins swooped down and waved their beaters at everyone. “Wood for Keeper!” Wood moved over to the middle. “And Potter for Seeker!” Everyone screamed with Mia, Ron and Hermione in the middle.

“Captains, Front and Centre!” Hooch called out. Wood and the Slytherin Captain, Marcus Flint, moved into the middle and shook hands before moving away. “Now, I want a nice and clean game,” Hooch warned them before she kicked the trunk.

The two bludgers shot into the air with the Snitch following. It rounded Harry’s head before circling the Slytherin Seeker’s head, then shot off. Hooch picked up the quaffle and threw it high into the air before blasting her whistle. Angelina Johnson took possession of the quaffle straight away, starting the game into motion.

Wood blocked any scores that the Slytherin Chasers tried to make, causing Flint to growl in frustration as he moved over to a beater and grabbed his bat.

“Give me that,” Flint snarled just as a bludger came near him and he whacked it as hard as he could, causing the bludger to make it’s way over to Wood.

“WOOD, WATCH OUT!” Harry shouted and Oliver looked up only to gasp as the bludger hit him in the stomach, sending him spiralling toward the ground.

“Gryffindor Keeper is now out of action!” Lee shouted, as Snape shifted in his seat. A small smile of satisfaction appeared on the Potion Master’s lips while McGonagall looked worried and concerned.

“GET THE SNITCH AS SOON AS YOU CAN!” Mia shouted as Harry passed the stand. Harry nodded as he caught sight of it and chased after with the Slytherin Seeker hot on his heel, when Flint blocked Harry’s way, sending Harry spiralling out of control as he held onto his broom for dear life.

“Flint blocked Potter!” Lee shouted.

“FOUL!” Everyone from the Gryffindor stand screamed in rage. Madam Hooch made her way into the air and shouted at Flint before telling the Gryffindor to take a free shot, which they won.

“Red Card! Send him off Ref, Red Card!” Dean shouted and Mia buried her head into her hand as she bit back her laughter.

"It's not football, Dean!" Mia exclaimed as she brought her head up before looking at Harry, who was now acting weird.

"I don't know what Harry thinks he's doing," Hagrid stated as he watched Harry buck about on his broom, holding on as tight as he could. Hermione moved the binoculars from Harry's form toward the teachers' stand and saw Snape staring at Harry, muttering under his breath as fast as he could. She gasped as she pulled the binoculars away and turned to face Ron and Mia.

"It's Snape, he's jinxing the broom!" Hermione hissed out, Mia and Ron looked at her.

"What do we do?" Ron asked and Hermione thought about it before her eyes widen.

"Leave it to me," Hermione told them before she pushed her way though the stands and ran down the stairs.

"Leave what to her?" Mia asked, as she looked at Ron, who shrugged back before they both looked at Harry, whose broom was still bucking like mad.

"What ever she has to do, I hope she does it fast," Ron stated.

Hermione made her way over to Teacher stands and ran up the stairs till she reached the step where Snape's feet were. She took a deep a breath before pulling out her wand and pointed it at the hem of his cloak.

"Incendio!" she hissed and a blue flame shot out and landed onto Snape's robes, where it started to flame up. She pulled away and ran down the steps away from the teachers before they noticed her there.

Snape was too busy concentrating on Harry that he didn't even noticed smoke coming from his feet. One of the teachers noticed and rested his hand on Snape's shoulder as everyone else turned into see what was going on.

"You're on fire!" the man told Snape, who looked down at his robes and jumped up, knocking the man over, who knocked into Quirrell. Snape stamped out the fire before looking up at Harry once more.

Harry got himself back onto his broom and chased after the Slytherin seeker, Terence Higgs. They both ended up shoulder to shoulder as the snitch dropped down, causing them both to follow the golden orb toward the ground.

The Slytherin seeker paled when he saw the ground coming up fast - he and Harry looked at each other before he pulled up. Harry kept going till he reached the ground. He levelled his broom and let it fly over the grass while he got up onto his feet, balancing himself on the slender handle.

One arm was out stretched; the snitch was right in front of him, but out of reach. Harry took one step forward, causing the broom to tip. Harry went flying and landed on the ground, rolling a few inches before he came to a stop.

Everyone stood up with a gasp as Harry stood up, his hands over his stomach.

"It looks like he's going to be sick!" Hagrid exclaimed as Hermione rushed over to the stands and looked down. Mia smirked as understanding dawned on her as everyone on the pitch stopped what they were doing and watched Harry.

"He swallowed it," Mia stated as Harry coughed the snitch up and it showed up into his hands. He cupped the snitch and lifted his arm into the air and waved it so everyone could see it.

Everyone, apart from Slytherin and Professor Snape, cheered like mad. For the first time in a long time, Gryffindor has won a match.

"Way to go Harry!" Oliver shouted from where he was sitting on the bench due to Madam Pomfrey fixing him up. All the remaining Gryffindor players landed on the pitch and ran over to Harry; the twins lifted him up on to their shoulders and he continued to wave the snitch.

“Oh thank god,” Hermione moaned as she rested the side of her head on the wooden stand and took a deep breath as relief ran through her body like a soothing balm. She had a feeling that she wasn’t going to last through these games.

When Harry had washed and changed into his school clothes, he met up with Hermione, Mia and Ron outside the changing lockers and they joined up with Hagrid.

“Good game,” Hagrid told Harry and Harry grinned.

“Thanks,” Harry told him and Ron smirked.

“Good catch,” Ron stated and Harry blushed as Hermione, Mia, Ron and Hagrid burst into laughters as he rolled his eyes.

“That’s gonna go down as one of the most brilliant catch,” Mia stated before shaking her head. “How you managed to swallow it is beyond me,” she told him and Harry laughed.

“I have no idea either,” Harry admitted.

“By the way, with your broom?” Hermione started and Harry nodded as he looked at her. “It was Snape, he was jinxing you.”

“What?” Harry demanded.

“He was muttering under his breath and he kept eye contact with your broom the whole time,” Hermione explained and Hagrid sighed.

“It’s impossible - Snape is a Professor. He’s not going around jinxing people’s broom,” Hagrid informed her.

“I read up on all about jinxes,” Hermione told him. “He never broke eye contact with Harry at all!”

“He’s a professor. I can’t see him jinxing someone broom,” Hagrid shook his head as he led the way into the school.

“And I think we have mixed up views about everyone,” Mia stated as she followed the giant into the Great Hall and they moved over to their table while Hagrid moved over to the High table.

“Great game Harry!” everyone cheered as they sat down and Harry grinned once more. Harry looked up and saw McGonagall smiling at him with a pleased look before she turned back to her food. Harry faced his house as they all talked about the catch.

Once their dinner was finished they followed the prefects up to their common room, talking about the match and how they had beaten Slytherin for the first time in ages.

Once there, they found tables of food and drinks. They all turned around to face Wood, who grinned.

“Let’s Party!” Wood shouted and everyone cheered as they raised their glasses. “To Harry Potter, the best seeker there is and for catching the snitch with his mouth!” Oliver stated and everyone laughed while Harry rolled his eyes with an amused smile on his face.

“Crazy nutters,” Mia muttered as she took a sip of her drink, causing Ron to spit out his drink in laughs and Hermione to shake her head in amusement.

Finally, the party was finished and everyone made their way into the dormitories, ready to sleep after an eventful fun day.

“You do realise that Dad is going to find this funny, right?” Mia asked Harry as she led the way up the stairs and Harry smirked.

“He’ll never let it go,” Harry stated and Mia laughed as she and Hermione made their way into the dormitory while Ron and Harry made their way up into the boys’ room, changed into their p.j.’s. And fell fast asleep, dead to the world.

Hermione woke up when she heard slightly shuffling. She turned her head and saw that Mia’s bed was empty. She sat up and looked around to see the door closing. Curious, she got out of bed and pulled on her robe before creeping over to the door. She opened it slightly and peeked. She saw Harry and Mia meeting each other -

they both spoke in low hushed tones before they moved out of her sight.

Hermione opened the door wider before stepping into the small hall and closed it behind her. She moved nearer toward the bottom steps but made sure she stayed hidden as she peeked round the corner and saw Harry and Mia leaving the common room. Frowning, she looked at her watch and saw it was after 1 in the morning before looking up once more, wondering where they were going at this time of the night.

She resolved herself and hurried after them. She caught sight of the pair rounding the corner before she caught up with them, but made sure that was she was slightly behind so they wouldn't catch her.

Hermione slowly made her way behind Harry and Mia as they both stalked their way through Hogwarts halls. She stopped when they stopped and hid around a corner, keeping her out of sight.

She heard laughing and a familiar male voice, though she couldn't place it anywhere. Curiosity got the better of her.

Hermione peeked round the corner and saw Harry laughing at something Draco was saying. Mia spun her head around and smiled when saw caught sight of Hermione peeking around the corner.

"Hey Hermione," she greeted, causing the two boys to turn and look at her. Hermione stepped out of the shadows with a sheepish grin on her face, an embarrassed blush gracing her cheeks.

"Oh look Potter, we have another rule breaker," Draco stated with glee as he moved over to Hermione and Harry laughed.

"Lay off her Malfoy," Harry shot back as he pushed Draco away from the bushy haired girl, who was looking at them with a curious gaze.

"I thought you two hated each other?" she asked and Mia laughed as she moved closer.

"Good acting isn't it?" she asked and Hermione looked at her, puzzled. "Listen -Draco, I and Harry are cousins. We faked hating

each other just so that Draco's father won't get suspicious. He supports Voldemort and wants Draco to follow in his footsteps," Mia explained.

"I told Mom that I didn't want to support Voldemort. She agrees with me and it turned out that she was in secret contact with Uncle Sirius my whole childhood. She would take me to visit them. Dad was always busy so he never notices anything," Draco added.

"As Aunt Cissy doesn't support Voldemort either - she helps Uncle Sirius to train us for when the confrontation with Voldemort comes to head," Harry finished and Hermione looked at him, stunned.

"Are you saying that Voldemort..." she trailed off and he nodded.

"Yep, Voldemort will come back - we just know it as I'm marked," Harry shrugged as he pointed at his scar.

"But you killed him!" she exclaimed and Mia smiled, sadly.

"Hermione," Mia called and she looked at her. "Evil never truly dies," she pointed out and Hermione's shoulders slumped down, defeated, and Harry felt for the girl.

"I like her, can we keep her?" Draco asked, causing everyone to look at him and Harry laughed as he looked at Mia.

"How about it?" Harry asked. "You won't be the only girl in the group," he tempted and Mia punched Harry on the shoulder with a teasing grin before looking at Hermione and nodding.

"Sure, wanna join us?" she asked and Hermione arched an eyebrow.

"Just what do you do?" she asked and Draco grinned as he wrapped an arm around her shoulders.

"Lots of spells, spells that are too advance for a first year," Draco tempted. Harry wrapped his arm over Draco's arm, circling Hermione's shoulder, causing her to look at him.

“We learn how to use weapons, swords, knives, guns,” Harry tempted and Hermione turned to Mia and Mia winked.

“And we basically get to kick ass,” Mia stated and Hermione looked at the three of them before making up her mind. She nodded.

“I want in,” she told them and the boys whooped as they smacked high fives and Mia held out her hand, palm down, Harry placed his on top, Hermione placed her on top of Harry and Draco’s placed his on top of Hermione.

“We solemnly swear we are up to no good,” they chanted together and Hermione let out a gasp as a searing pain shot through the small of her back, she pulled away from the gang and rubbed the small of her back and she noticed the gang was looking excited.

“Come on, let’s see what you got,” Mia stated and Hermione arched her eyebrow before turning around and lifting up her p.j. Top, she turned her head and gasped when she saw a tattoo of a white tiger on the small of her back and Mia nodded as she bent closer to inspect. “That’s cool,” she stated and Hermione spun around.

“What does that mean?” she asked.

“Means you’re a major part of this gang. Your main animagus is a white tiger but don’t worry, you can change into any animal you want,” Harry explained. Hermione looked at him, stunned.

“An animagi?” she asked and Draco smiled.

“Looks like we have eager student,” Draco stated and Hermione blushed slightly.

“Don’t worry about it too much. We’ll teach you everything but you’ll need to come with us home for the holidays. Dad and Aunt Cissy will want to meet you and they can give you proper training on animagi,” Mia told her and Hermione nodded.

“When can I get to meet them?” she asked and Mia looked at the boys before looking at her.

“Earliest, Christmas, latest, summer, depends on your parents,” Mia told her and Hermione nodded.

“I’ll ask if I can come up to your house for Christmas, but I don’t have an owl,” she admitted.

“Use Hedwig, she loves taking mails,” Harry told her and Draco looked at him.

“You need to change her colouring,” Draco warned and Harry nodded.

“Why?” Hermione asked, curiously and Mia turned to face Hermione.

“You know of Sirius Black right?” she asked and Hermione rolled her eyes.

“Everyone know that he is your parent and supposedly kidnapped Harry Potter and supposedly was working for Voldemort and turned Harry’s parents over to him,” she told them, only for them to gape at her when they heard her tone of non believing. “Seriously, I hardly think he was going to turn over your mother and you if he was really working for Voldemort,” Hermione stated. “It’s pretty well known how much your father loved your mother so there is no way he would have deliberately put her in danger if he was working for Voldemort so thus, it means that he wasn’t working for Voldemort and someone else was.”

“She did her homework,” Draco stated and Harry nodded while Mia grinned.

“And I have a feeling that you and I are going to become good friends,” Mia stated, causing Hermione to blush slightly.

“And we’ve found the fourth,” Harry stated and Mia nodded as she looked at Hermione, who was looking at them curiously.

“What colour did your wand spit out when you first touched it?” Mia asked.

“Blue,” Hermione told her and was startled when the trio whooped.

“We’re gonna be so unbeatable,” Draco stated, causing Hermione to arch an eyebrow at them.

“What are you talking about?” she asked.

“Okay, Harry’s wand spat out red, mine spat out yellow, Draco’s spat out green and yours spat out blue; put them together and you get what?” Mia asked.

“The House colours,” Hermione stated with a gasp and Harry nodded.

“Plus, it means we get to control the elements, mine will be fire, Draco’s earth, Mia’s weather and yours water,” Harry explained.

“Still one missing though,” Mia stated and they looked at her. “Spirit but I don’t think that person is here yet,” she explained and Harry nodded.

“How do you know these things?” Hermione demanded.

“Prophecy my dear,” Draco told her and Hermione looked at him. “We know that Harry is destined to fight Voldemort, that’s why we’re in training. Voldemort is gonna come back and Harry is the only one to stop him. There was another one that stated the four corner of the earth will meet together, trust, loyalty, friendship and love and they will have the ability to control the elements but at the same time as danger rises. It rambles on about having to face challenges and obstacles and such. There’s one missing but they’ll come when they’re ready,” Draco explained.

“You believe in that?” Hermione asked and Mia shrugged.

“Came true so far hasn’t it?” Mia asked. “Harry was born as the July month came to an end to parents who escaped Voldemort three time and Voldemort marked Harry as his equal to fight him in the final fight,” Mia explained. “And in the four of us.”

“Okay, I got it,” Hermione told them, holding up her hands. “The elements?” Hermione asked and Mia grinned.

"Yeah, I can control the weather slightly but it's connected to my emotions," Mia explained and Hermione nodded.

"So, I'm connected to water?" Hermione asked and Mia nodded. "Hm, makes sense, I never could get enough of water," she explained and Draco snorted.

"Just like Mia, she needs to be forced out of the air or water, depending on where she is," Draco informed Hermione only to get a sharp nudge in his gut from Mia. "Ow!" Draco snapped from where he rubbed his stomach, glaring at Mia while Harry turned to face Hermione with a shake of his head.

"Ignore them. I don't let them out of their cages very much," Harry remarked and got double glares at him in return while Hermione thought about their actions over the last few months.

"What's up with you three and Professor Dumbledore?" Hermione asked, curiously and Harry looked at them both. Draco gave a shrug while Mia nodded while reaching over and hitting Draco in the shoulder, causing him to jerk away from her and gave her a glare of annoyance as he rubbed his shoulder.

"You're suppose to agree," Mia told him and got a tongue stuck out in return as Harry turned to face Hermione and smiled when he saw that she was looking at them, amused.

"Uncle Sirius doesn't trust Dumbledore," Harry told her and she looked at him. "There has been way too many unanswered questions and he dropped me off at my relatives' house, the same ones who hated my mum and dad."

"How do you mean?" Hermione asked.

"Let just say, if Dad hadn't picked up Harry from the Dursleys, he wouldn't be the same person right now," Mia told her and Hermione nodded, she wanted more answers but let it go.

"So, your dad has been training you for the war?" she asked and Draco nodded.

“Yeah, Uncle Sirius and mom have been training us. We go through muggle weapons, such as tasers, guns, crossbows, swords, knifes and all that,” Draco told her.

“We learn defence too, like boxing and such. That way we’re not defenceless if we don’t have a weapon on us,” Mia added in.

“And he taught us magic as well, and what spells to use,” Harry finished and Hermione sat back on her seat.

“Wow,” she whispered and Mia grinned.

“Hey, don’t worry, you’ll learn but there is something you need to know,” Mia told her and Hermione looked at her. “You will be killing.”

“What?” Hermione asked as she looked at Mia and the three of them sighed.

“You will have to kill, when the death eaters come back, you will need to kill them. You can’t hesitate at any point because they will kill you,” Harry explained.

“But Killing is...”

“Bad?” Draco finished and Hermione nodded. “Forget it, in war, it’s kill or be killed. And you won’t be using magic, you will be using weapons.”

“Why not magic?” Hermione asked.

“Because another death eater can just end the spell. Use weapons and you are cutting off any chance they have. It’s not easy to grow back another body part while fighting,” Mia explained and Hermione nodded. “Will you be able to handle it?”

“I don’t know, I mean, all my life I was brought up to believe that killing is bad and Dumbledore goes on about how everyone deserves a second chance, no matter what,” Hermione explained and Draco snorted.

"Don't listen to him when he says that. He's doing that to get to us and to get us to give Uncle Sirius up and to come to his side," Draco explained. "He's scared of us."

"Why?" Hermione asked.

"Because we're not under his control. We don't think he is wise and all knowing," Mia stated.

"Hm," Hermione agreed and Harry looked at her.

"Are you okay?" he asked. "I know it's must be a pretty big shock to have this dropped on top of you all at the one time. Mia, Draco and I pretty much got it in separate blows," he explained and Hermione nodded with a reassuring smile.

"I'll be fine," she told him and Harry nodded as Mia felt a warm spot on her wrist and lifted her wrist up and revealed her watch that had been charmed to warm her skin anytime it was too dangerous to be out of the common room.

"Time for bed before someone comes along and catches us," Mia stated and Draco nodded.

"Are we're gonna head home for Christmas or do you want to stay here?" Draco asked and Harry shrugged.

"I guess we just need to wait and see," Harry stated and everyone nodded as they all made their way over to the stairs. Draco waved before he hurried over to the dungeons and the Slytherin Common Room while Mia, Harry and Hermione made their way up to the Gryffindor tower.

"You know, never in a million years I would have believed you three were like brothers and sisters," Hermione stated and Harry grinned.

"Tell me about it," Harry stated and Mia shrugged.

"Hey, we have another sister," Mia stated as she gave Hermione a one arm hug as they made their way over to the Fat Lady. She gave

the password and they entered the common room as the portrait closed behind them.

“Erm...” Harry and Hermione stuttered out before looking at each other and blushing slightly as Mia looked at them amused.

“Of course, that could change later in the years,” Mia stated before grinning innocently at them before heading into the girls’ dormitory, leaving Harry and Hermione alone and blushing.

“You know, we should really go to bed,” Harry stuttered and Hermione nodded. They both looked each other before rushing into their rooms.

Hermione made her way over to her bed and laid down on it before she looked over at Mia, who giggled. Hermione rolled her eyes and pulled the pillow over her face. She had a feeling she was going to be blushing for a long time.

Harry made his way over to his bed and climbed into it. He thought back to what Mia told them and groaned as he pulled his pillow over his face.

He was *never* going to live this down.

Chapter 7: Christmas, Mirror, Quidditch and Trouble.

“Merry Christmas!” a female voice exclaimed as the bed started bouncing. Startled, Harry jerked himself out of his sleep and looked up through blurry eyes to see blurry black hair flying everywhere.

“Mia, quit bouncing!” he moaned as he turned in his bed.

“Harry, it’s Christmas, meaning presents,” Mia reminded in a singsong voice and Harry sat up.

“Already?” Harry demanded and Mia laughed as she dropped down onto the bed before lifting her wand and aimed it at Ron.

“Yes,” Mia told him as Harry pulled on his glasses in time to see Mia send a cold stream of water on Ron’s face, causing him to bolt up in bed.

“What the bloody hell?” Ron demanded as he looked at Mia.

“I tried to wake you for a least half an hour now. It’s Christmas and there’s presents calling our names,” Mia informed while Ron grumbled under his breath and wiped his face.

“You are insane,” Ron informed her as he grabbed his robes and pulled them. He slipped out of bed with Harry following a suit.

“I’m a girl,” Mia told him and Ron laughed.

“You got that right,” Ron shot back, causing Harry to laugh in agreement as they all walked down the stairs to the Common Room where the presents were waiting for them.

Harry, Ron, Mia, Percy and the Twins were the only Gryffindor who were still at Hogwarts for Christmas. Her parents had summoned Hermione home because they wanted to spend time with their daughter. Draco had been told to come home by his father. Sirius was currently working on something and had told the kids it wasn’t a good time and to stay at Hogwarts for the holidays. The Weasleys’ parents were in Romania, visiting Ron’s older brother Charlie.

“Nice of your mum to make us jumpers,” Mia stated as she pulled out a black jumper and smiled. “At least she didn’t make it pink,” she told Harry, who shook his head, amused.

“How do you mean?” Ron asked, curious and Harry turned to face him.

“We have this old lady as a neighbours, she keeps knitting Mia pink jumpers because she is a girl,” Harry explained and Ron winced.

“Man, I hate it when people do that, blue for a boy, pink for a girl,” he told them and Harry nodded.

“This lady in a shop told me that I had to wear blue because I was a boy!” Harry explained and Ron shook his head.

“Bloody mental the lot of them,” Ron stated and looked at Mia, wide eyed when she coughed. “Although some of them are quite sane when you think about it,” Ron amended and Mia nodded before turning back to her presents while Harry covered his hands to hold back his laughter.

Harry turned back to his present and found one that didn’t have a card with it.

“Hm, that’s weird,” Harry stated as he picked the parcel up, causing Mia and Ron to look at him.

“How do you mean?” Ron asked.

“I have a present that doesn’t have the giver’s name,” Harry explained as he unwrapped the parcel. A soft cloak fell out onto his lap, and Ron and Mia’s eyes grew wide. They looked at each other before looking at Harry.

“Is that what I think it is?” Mia asked Ron, who nodded.

“I think so but if it is, how the hell did anyone get it? It’s extremely rare,” Ron reminded and Mia shrugged.

“What are you two talking about?” Harry asked as he looked back and forth between them.

“Put it on,” Mia urged. Harry just shot her a puzzled look before standing up and wrapping the cloak around his shoulders, covering his body. It was when he looked down that he saw his body was gone.

“An invisibility cloak!” Harry exclaimed as Mia and Ron stood up.

“What does the note say?” Mia asked and Harry picked it up.

“Your father left this in my possession, use it well,” Harry recited before looking up at them. “So, it belonged to my dad.”

“Do you realise what this could mean?” Mia asked and they looked at her. “We can cause havoc and no one will be able to pin it on us!” she exclaimed, excitement clear in her eyes and voice when they heard an intake of gasps.

They turned around to see Fred and George Weasley, Ron’s twin brothers standing there behind them as they looked at Mia with an unreadable look on their faces.

“A girl after our own heart!” Fred gasped as he and George covered their hearts with their hands. “May the gods be praised.” Ron rolled his eyes in amusement as Mia just stared at the twins like they had lost their minds before Fred swooped her up into his arms and slung her over his shoulder, causing her to squeal. “Come my brothers, we must celebrate!” Fred stated to George, who stood up straight and saluted with the most serious expression he could muster before leading the way out of the Common Room, leaving Ron and Harry stifling their laughs.

“Oh, they’re in for it now,” Harry told Ron, who nodded in agreement.

“But you have to admit, they are funny,” Ron told him and Harry agreed as they chased after the brothers while Mia was banging her hands on Fred’s back.

“Put me down you idiot!” Mia scolded. “I have legs and I have been walking on my own for a long time!”

“Sorry, can’t do that,” George told her; still leading the way and Mia rolled her eyes.

“What do you mean you can’t do that? It’s easy and simple. Place me on the ground and I’ll use my legs to walk,” Mia told them.

“But those feet of yours are not going to touch the ground. A goddess like you should be carried,” Fred stated, causing Ron and Harry to stifle their laughs at Mia’s annoyed look as she fought to get her feet back on the ground, not that it was easy.

They finally arrived at the Great Hall where the twins placed Mia on the bench and took up their seat on the other side of her, leaving her glaring at them as Ron and Harry took their seat just as the teachers came out.

“Merry Christmas!” Dumbledore greeted as he walked over to the Head Table with the teachers following him. Everyone cheered back before turning back to his or her food.

“What are you doing this summer?” Fred asked Harry and Mia.

“Don’t know yet, it depends on dad,” Mia told them. “Probably just relaxing.”

“That’s pretty cool but isn’t it hard to relax knowing that the ministry wants your dad?” George asked.

“No,” Harry told them and they looked at him, causing him to give them a sly smile. “It’s fun hiding and seeing the ministry run after their tail,” Harry explained and the twins laughed.

“Gotta agree with you there,” Ron agreed.

“I wonder why Fudge hasn’t come down here and started fussing over you yet,” George stated.

“Probably because Dumbledore won’t let him,” Ron piped up and they looked at him. “Dad sent me a letter. It turned out that Fudge wanted to come down and see Harry and basically demand answers from

him but Dumbledore said no because they didn't want to scare Harry off," Ron explained and Mia shook her head.

"More like they're scared that Harry won't answer them," Mia told them and Ron nodded.

"Yeah, but you know what these people are like," Ron told them and got nods in reply.

"I trust you five are behaving yourself," a stern voice spoke up and they turned to see Percy standing there.

"Yes, we're behaving ourselves," Ron told them and the twins snorted.

"As if. We're having too much fun having the time of our life. You should try it Perc, might give you a jolt," Fred told him.

"And give you the wake up too," George piped up.

"To get that stick out of your butt," they both finished. Ron, Mia and Harry all looked away, alternating between biting their lips and biting their fists to keep their laughter low. Percy glowered at the twins before stalking off, leaving them alone.

The twins turned back to face the trio with a satisfied grin on their faces.

"Man, how you guys do that, I don't know," Mia stated. "But I'm impressed."

"They've always been able to do that. Drives mom up the wall," Ron told her and the twins bowed slightly.

"We aim to please," they both stated and Harry cracked up laughing.

"You two are priceless, that's what you are," Harry told them. They finished their dinner with Ron and the twins telling Harry and Mia everything the twins had done over the years, making Harry and Mia laugh even harder than the last time.

Soon dinner was over. Harry, Ron and Mia decided to go and visit Hagrid for Christmas. They left the Great Hall; unaware that Dumbledore was watching their every move.

They caught up with Hagrid halfway down to the giant's hut. Hagrid was dragging a tree behind him.

"Merry Christmas!" he exclaimed when he saw them. "Just bringing up another tree, as Dumbledore needed another one," he explained.

"Merry Christmas," the trio replied.

"Hey Hagrid!" Harry greeted as he, Ron and Mia moved over to the large man. "Do you know anything about that dog that Hogwarts is keeping?" Hagrid's eyes narrowed as he looked at the kids.

"How do you know about Fluffy?" Hagrid demanded.

"Fluffy?" Mia asked, sceptically, arching an eyebrow.

"Yeah, Fluffy. He's mine. I bought him a while ago and gave him to Dumbledore to protect the..." he trailed off as the kids looked up at him, eagerly and he stopped. "Nothing that has anything to do with you," he informed them.

"But Snape is trying to get past him!" Ron exclaimed and Hagrid sighed.

"Snape is one of the teacher protecting the object!" Hagrid exclaimed and the kids looked at each other as Hagrid groaned.

"Protecting what?" Harry asked and Hagrid glowered at the kids.

"That's none of your business, that's between Professor Dumbledore and Nicolas Flamel!" with that he walked off while Harry stood still.

"I know that name!" he exclaimed as he ran his right hand through his hair, causing Ron and Mia sighed as they made their way back to the castle. "But from where?" he pondered.

"Maybe Hermione will know. You should write to her," Ron suggested and Harry nodded as they stepped into the castle.

Harry was lying on his bed a few hours later. He had written to Hermione and updated her on everything and she wrote back saying that could be information on Flamel in a certain book. The problem was, it was in the restricted section of the library and he needed a signed note from a teacher to get the book.

Harry turned on his back and caught his invisibility cloak hanging on the chair and the note. The moonlight shone on the words 'Just In Case' very clearly.

Harry made his way into the library; he looked around to make sure that there was no one to see him before he hurried over to the forbidden restricted section. He opened the door and slipped in before he hurried over to the shelves of books. He looked around for the book that Hermione had wanted him to look at and pulled it down, and opened it only for a face to shoot up and started screaming.

Startled, Harry slammed the book shut and shoved it back into its original place when he heard a noise.

"Sniff around my sweet. They're around somewhere," Filch voice floated around the library, causing Harry to close his eyes in annoyance.

"Damn it," he muttered before he grabbed his lantern and blew it out. He wrapped the cloak around his body and slid the lantern under it before he snuck out of the restricted section, shutting the door behind him. Then Harry snuck around the shelves, watching as Filch made his way toward the restriction section.

Harry made his way round the shelves and hurried out of the library before anyone would notice that he was there. He was about to head over to the Gryffindor floor when Quirrell and Snape came out of nowhere and Harry watched as Snape pinned Quirrell against the stonewall.

Confused, Harry stopped in his track and watched the scene. The only time he saw Snape and Quirrell have any conversation together

was at the Welcoming Feast at the beginning of the year. Snape was about to say something when he spun around and looked in Harry's direction, causing Harry to walk backward. Before Snape could discover him, he made way through the first door he found.

Harry shut the door and threw down the cloak and set the lantern to the side, breathing heavily. He didn't get the book that Hermione had wanted him to read and now he saw Quirrell and Snape together. Everything was making him confused - the break in of Gringotts, and the stone. The three headed dog and the forbidding corridor. The anonymous present and the mysterious Flamel - he knew the name, he just couldn't place it. Not to mention the weird feeling he got when he was around Hermione all the time.

He turned around and saw a long mirror standing in front of him. He moved over to it only to stop when he saw himself in the mirror but he also saw his parents.

Lily Potter stood there, her long red hair was curled slightly around her face, her green eyes, the same as Harry's, were bright with happiness as she smiled. James Potter looked like Harry down to the messy hair except he had brown eyes as he also smiled.

"Mum? Dad?" Harry whispered and there was a dark shadow behind Harry before it came clearer. It was an older looking of Mia except she had long blonde hair. Harry felt his heart clench when he understood whom it was. "Aunt Callie?" he whispered. She smiled down at him. He lifted up a hand and reached out to the touch the mirror when a voice came.

"I see you found the Mirror of Erisèd," a male voice stated, stopping Harry from touching the mirror.

Harry spun around to see Dumbledore standing there.

"I didn't know that what it was called sir," Harry replied before turning back to the mirror. "It shows me my parents and Aunt Callie."

"The mirror does that," Dumbledore told him. "What do you think it does?" the headmaster asked and Harry examined the mirror before

looking at him. “You know, the happiest man could look in this mirror and see only himself.”

“Desire, it shows our desire, like my desire to know my parents who I have never gotten the chance to know and my aunt. I desire to know them because even though Uncle Sirius tells us about them and shows us photographs, it’s not the same thing. It’s all second hand and I’ve always wondered what it would have been like if my parents had survived and what kind of future we could have,” Harry answered. “The happiest man who is content with everything he has and doesn’t desire for anything more will only see himself.”

“Well done Harry,” Dumbledore told him, his blue eyes twinkling madly before it dimmed. “But I must ask you not to seek this mirror out again. It will be moved to a new home. Believe me when I say that people have gone mad before this mirror before you,” Dumbledore explained.

Harry agreed as he grabbed his cloak and lantern before leaving the room with Dumbledore, leaving the Mirror behind. As he made his way over to the Gryffindor common room, he told himself not to tell anyone about the mirror.

Christmas was over and Hogwarts was full of kids as they all came back for second term. Hermione had been upset that Harry couldn’t get the book due to Filch nearly catching him had decided to peruse another course of action.

Harry, Ron, and Mia were sitting in the library, sitting around the table, working on their homework. Hermione strode over to them, carrying a large book and slammed it onto the table, catching Harry’s hand.

Harry winced as he pulled his fingers from under the book and slipped down onto the lap as he used the other hand to cover it, biting his bottom lip as he did so.

Mia watched the exchanged and winced before shaking her head and turned back to Hermione.

“So, what got you all worked up that you came running over here and slamming that book on the table?” she asked and Hermione rolled her eyes as she sat down next to Harry.

“I took this book out for a bit of light reading,” she flipped through the pages while Ron arched an eyebrow.

“That’s light reading?” he asked and Mia nodded.

“Oh yeah, you be surprise what people consider as heavy reading,” Mia told him. Ron shook his head, amazed, before turning back to Hermione.

“I had you looking in the wrong place!” Hermione told Harry, who looked at her.

“You mean Flamel?” he asked and Hermione nodded as she turned to the page.

“Nicolas Flamel is the creator of the Philosopher’s stone, the only stone that can turn any metal into pure gold. It also produced the Elixir of Life, making the drinker immortal. Mr. Flamel has recently celebrated his six hundred and sixty five birthday last year with his wife,” Hermione recited.

“Pure gold?” Harry quoted.

“Immortal?” Ron demanded.

“665 years old?” Mia exclaimed and Hermione nodded.

“That’s what was taken from the vault in Gringotts, that’s what Fluffy is guarding, that’s what Snape is after,” Hermione stated and Harry shook his head.

“No wonder Snape is after it, Voldemort wouldn’t have to worry about anything again,” Harry told them and they sighed as they sat back in their chair, digesting the information they had just received.

Hermione made her way into the Common Room when she saw people surrounding the notice board. Curious, she moved closer and read the new notice only for her face to pale.

“Oh boy,” Hermione moaned slightly as she looked at the notice only for her eyes to widen when she saw Mia, Harry and Ron walk over. She stepped in front of the notice so they wouldn’t see it.

“Hey, what’s up?” Harry asked with a smile and Hermione smiled back.

“Nothing much,” she told them. “How about we get a start on our homework?” she asked, rambling slightly, causing Ron to arch an eyebrow as he reached over and placed a hand on Hermione’s forehead.

“Are you okay? You seem a little nervous,” Ron told her and Hermione nodded like mad.

“Everything’s fine,” she told him and Harry nodded before he reached out and gently moved Hermione to the side so he could see what she was blocking only to pale when he saw it.

“Snape’s refereeing the match,” Harry stated, causing Mia and Ron to look at the note.

“Why?” Mia demanded.

“Probably because of the last match,” Ron told her and they both looked at each other before looking at Harry.

“Maybe you could break a leg or something, fake being ill?” Ron asked and Harry shook his head.

“I can’t. I’m the only seeker that Gryffindor has and I can’t just back out. The Slytherin will think that I’m scared of Snape,” Harry explained and Hermione nodded in agreement.

“He’s right. Besides, Snape won’t be able to do anything with Dumbledore watching his every move on the pitch,” Hermione explained and Mia nodded.

“Okay, but if he does try something...” Mia left it hanging and Harry nodded in agreement. They knew that Sirius would go mad if Snape tried to do anything to Harry other than the first Quidditch incident.

There was a hooting sound and they turned to see Hedwig sitting on the head of the chair, a letter tied to her leg.

“Hey girl,” Harry greeted as he moved over to her and stroked her back. The snowy owl turned around and nipped Harry’s finger in greeting, causing Harry to smile. Hedwig lifted her leg and Harry untied the letter while taking out an owl treat from his robe pocket and handing it to the owl. She flew up onto Harry’s shoulder, nibbled his ear in affection before taking the owl treat, and flew out of the window while Hermione sighed in wonder. She always loved the way in which Harry was attentive and loving with Hedwig. Ron and Mia to look at her then at each other, amusement clear on their faces as they turned back to face Harry.

“Who is it from?” Ron asked.

“Hagrid. He wants to see us tonight,” Harry told them.

“Does he say why?” Mia asked and Harry shook his head.

“No, probably just wants to visit,” Harry told them and they nodded as he looked at his watch. “I’d better go and get ready for Quidditch,” Harry informed them before running up the stairs to the boys’ room. He grabbed his broom and Quidditch clothes and left the Common Room.

Mia, Hermione and Ron made their way out to the stands and took their places while everyone else filled the seats. Hermione watched as Snape walked out onto the pitch dressed in his referee clothes and carrying a broom and the box that held the Quidditch balls. Hufflepuff team was the first one to come out and then it was the Gryffindor team.

Snape told the captains to shake hands before kicking the box and sent of the bludgers and snitch into flight before throwing up the quaffle, blowing the whistle as he did. Harry shot after the snitch while

everyone else dodged the bludgers and fought over the quaffle. Harry caught the snitch almost straight away, bringing the game to an end.

Everyone in Gryffindor cheered. They couldn't recount a time when the snitch had ever been caught that fast and were happy that they were in the lead for the Quidditch Cup.

Harry and the rest found themselves walking down to Hagrid's Hut that night. They were talking about the Quidditch match and how furious Snape had been. He had even thrown his broom to the side, kicked the grass and spat in frustration at Gryffindor's swift win. They questioned on why Snape would want to referee the game when they came to a stop outside Hagrid's hut.

"Hullo, come on in," Hagrid greeted when he opened the door and let the kids through. They all smiled when they saw him and sat down on the chairs, when Hermione noticed something in the cauldron that was hanging over the fire.

"Hagrid, what's that?" Hermione asked, puzzled as she pointed to the cauldron. Hagrid turned around and saw that the object was wobbling.

"Oh, it's nearly ready!" he exclaimed, excitement shining in his voice as he pulled on some oven gloves. The giant took out the object, bouncing it from hand to hand as it was extremely hot, and the kids were stunned to see it was a giant egg. Being careful not to drop it, he moved the egg over and sat it down on the table.

The kids surrounded the table and watched as the egg started cracking

"Hagrid, is that a..." Hermione trailed off as the egg started to open.

"A dragon?" Mia finished and Hagrid nodded.

"Yeah, I won it in a card game, though the bloke did seem mighty please to be rid of it," Hagrid told them. Harry and Ron to shared a look of understanding before they turned back to the egg.

It fully cracked open, revealing a small green dragon. Its wings were huge for it's body and it had a long snout. It looked around at

everyone before letting out a small sneeze, causing sparks to shoot out.

“It’s a Norwegian Ridgeback!” Ron breathed out before looking at Hagrid with a puzzled look. “But how on earth can anyone get their hands on one? They are dangerous!”

“Isn’t he adorable?” Hagrid cooed as he tickled the dragon’s neck. “I’ll think I’ll call him Norbert.”

“I guess it depends on people’s views of adorable,” Mia muttered under her breath as she kept an eye on Norbert, who puffed up his chest before sending a stream of fire toward Hagrid’s beard, setting it on fire.

“Whoops!” Hagrid exclaimed as he patted the fire out. “I’m sure he’ll be better once I’ve trained him up a bit,” the giant told them before something caught his eye. He turned to the window and saw a familiar blonde haired standing at the window before they ran off.

Harry ran over to door and flung it open to see Pansy running back up to Hogwarts.

“It’s Pansy,” Harry called back; Ron, Mia and Hermione shared a look while Hagrid sat back in his chair.

“Oh boy,” Hagrid moaned and Mia sighed.

“Hagrid, you can’t keep Norbert any longer. You need to send him away,” Mia told him and Harry nodded as he looked at Ron.

“Ron, do you think Charlie will be able to come down and collect Norbert?” Harry asked and Ron smiled.

“Probably, but we’ll need to send him a letter to be sure,” Ron told him.

“Pansy will keep her mouth shut for a few days as she likes having something to hold over us. We’re safe at the time being,” Harry told them and Hermione agreed. They all left Hagrid’s hut and made their

way back up to the castle, making plans how to get Norbert out of the Hogwarts without anyone else knowing.

A few days later, the plan was set in motion. Charlie and a friend of his were coming down to pick up the dragon. There was a catch, however, as Harry had to find a way to sneak Norbert into the castle and up to the highest tower so they could pick him up, as it was illegal to be seen with a dragon.

Ron had planned to go with Harry but ended up getting detentions with Snape in potions. Mia was going to do it but she ended up finding herself helping a teacher that night as well, leaving Harry and Hermione alone.

“I guess it’s a good thing I have the invisibility cloak,” Harry stated and Hermione grinned. They snuck out of the common room and hurried down to Hagrid’s hut, where Norbert was waiting in his cage.

“I gave him plenty of food and some brandy, along with his teddy so he won’t get lonely,” Hagrid told them. Hermione winced when she heard a tearing sound and suspected that the teddy no longer had a head.

“We need to create a silencing charm otherwise he’ll wake up half of the castle!” Hermione exclaimed and Harry drew out his wand and tapped the cage.

“Silencio!” Harry muttered and a flash of yellow covered the box. “Okay, let’s go!” he told Hermione as they both took a handle and hurried back up to Hogwarts. Once they reached the doors, Harry pulled out his cloak and wrapped it around the three of them before they stepped in the doors and made their way through Hogwarts without any problems.

They reached the steps for the Astronomy towers and walked up them, being careful not to make too much noise till they reached the top and burst their way through out on to the open roof.

Harry pulled off the cloak and settled it on the ground as Hermione looked around for Charlie and his friend.

"How long do you think they'll be?" Hermione asked and Harry shrugged.

"They shouldn't be any longer," Harry told her and true to his words, there were two fluttering sound. They looked up to see a red haired man and a dark haired man on separate brooms.

"Harry?" a male voice asked and Harry nodded.

"Yeah, you're Charlie?" Harry asked and the red haired smiled as he nodded.

"Yeah, you got the dragon?" Charlie asked and Harry nodded as he and Hermione pushed the cage over. Charlie threw down a rope. "Tie them to the handles and we'll do the rest," Charlie told them.

Hermione took one rope while Harry took the other and they tied them to the handles of the cage. The two men raised their brooms and the cage lifted off. "Catch you later," Charlie called to them as they flew off. Hermione and Harry both waved back before he grabbed his cloak and stuffed it into his bag before taking Hermione's hand.

"Come on, we better go!" Harry hissed to her as they both ran down the steps only to stop when they reached the bottom and a familiar face popped out from the darkness.

"Oh dear, you are in trouble," Filch stated with an evil grin, causing Harry and Hermione to look at each other before they dropped their heads.

They followed Filch to Professor McGonagall's office. To their surprise Neville and Draco were already there.

"Explain yourselves!" McGonagall demanded, obviously furious with them. Neither of them could give any answers so they just stared at their feet. The professor huffed "Well, I'll tell you what I do know. I know that Mr Longbottom had came running to me about Hagrid having a dragon and that you were going to sneak it out of the castle tonight after hearing Miss Parkinson telling her friends about a dragon she had seen. I know that Mr Malfoy was running about the halls for

no reasons and I know that you and Miss Granger were caught coming down from the Astronomy tower!" She shook her head. "I have never been more disappointed in my house before. Fifty points each and detention," McGonagall stated. Hermione, Draco, Harry and Neville looked at each other while Mia stared at the professor.

"Detentions?" Draco asked before sighing as he looked at the others. "Some year," he muttered to them.

Harry, Mia, Hermione, Ron and Neville made their way into the Great Hall only to get a cold shoulder from nearly everyone in the Hall. Gryffindor were still upset that they had lost 150 points from first year students who couldn't behave themselves. Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff were also upset because they had waited so long to see Slytherin lose the house cup while Slytherin were delighted and made it well clear throughout breakfast.

"Thanks for helping us win the house cup!" Pansy remarked as the five kids sat down and Mia sighed.

"Wonderful morning too," Mia remarked and Hermione sighed.

"I'm pretty sure they'll get over it," she assured Neville, who just looked like he was going to cry.

"Yeah, I mean, it's only house points. There are more to life than points," Mia agreed and Ron winced as McGonagall sent them a glare before looking away.

"Yeah, though I'm not so sure that everyone else would agree with you," he pointed and Harry nodded.

"Yeah, but these things were bound to happen sooner or later. Just ignore them Neville. You did what you thought was right and that's more important," Harry assured him. "Even though you did rat us out," Harry teased and Neville blushed slightly.

"Sorry, it just, it didn't seem a good idea to go to Professor Dumbledore as you don't seem to be on good terms with him, I was actually looking for you when McGonagall caught me," Neville explained.

Ron eyes narrowed in thoughts of last night.

“Hey, where did you send Norbert off from?” Ron asked.

“The astronomy towers,” Hermione, replied before giving a puzzled glance. “Although the way how McGonagall reacted when she caught Harry and I were a little confusing,” she admitted. Mia snorted into her drink while Ron gave a slow smile.

“That’s probably because anyone who does go to the Astronomy towers after curfew is mostly there for making out,” Ron explained, causing Neville to choke on his pumpkin juice. Mia reached over and patted him on the back to help him through his coughing fit while Harry and Hermione paled as they looked at Ron before looking at each other. They blushed furiously as they faced their food once more.

“I guess we can understand why McGonagall was acting weird then,” Mia piped up, causing Neville, Ron and Mia to laugh while Harry and Hermione blushed even harder.

Everyone just stared at the five of them with a look of confusion, wondering why on earth they were laughing when they were in trouble. Mia looked around before rolling her eyes as she turned back to the others. “So, when is your detentions?” she asked.

“Tonight, McGonagall is pairing us up with Filch. I dread to think what he has in store for us tonight,” Harry told her and Hermione agreed with a sigh.

“I can’t believe you got detentions. I can’t wait to tell dad what you’ve been up to,” Mia told Harry and got a glare in return.

“He’ll go nuts. He’ll start lecturing me on not taking the proper precautions that he taught us for sneaking around Hogwarts!” Harry exclaimed and Mia smirked.

“But it’s worth it when you see the teachers’ face,” Mia replied slyly and Harry laughed slightly.

“Yeah, I guess it is,” Harry admitted while Ron shook his head.

“Some year this is turning out to be,” Ron stated and everyone else nodded in agreement.

Harry, Hermione and Neville made their way down to the front of Hogwarts where they met up with Filch and Draco.

“Finally, come on, let’s get a move on so you can get on with your punishment,” Filch told them.

“Exactly what is our punishment?” Malfoy asked in a bored tone.

“You’ll be working with Hagrid, in the forest,” Filch told them with an evil smile. He led the way out of the castle and onto the ground with the kids following him.

“The forest?” Draco asked and Hermione sighed.

“Great detention we’re having,” Hermione stated.

“But students aren’t allowed in the Forest, it’s dangerous. There’s werewolves and that in there,” Draco protested. Filch gave him an evil smile.

“Oh, there’s a lot more than werewolves, I can assure you that,” Filch told them as he led the way. “I wished we still allow the punishment we used in the old days. I miss the screaming,” he remised to himself, causing the four of them to look each other in horror before turning back to the front, eyes wide.

They arrived at Hagrid’s hut, who was standing next to the big fire, loading his crossbow.

“You’re here,” Hagrid greeted them and they smiled up at him before Filch got in.

“Now, now, they are not here to be mollycoddled,” Filch warned. Hagrid sighed as he turned back to his crossbow, causing Filch to groan. “You’re not still on about that bloody dragon are you?” he demanded.

"He'll be fine Hagrid, he's with his own kind now," Hermione soothed and Hagrid turned to her.

"What if he doesn't like it there? What if they pick on him? He's only a baby," Hagrid protested as Filch rolled his eyes.

"Get yourself together man, you're heading into the forest, got to keep your wits about you," Filch warned. Neville whimpered slightly. "I'll be back, to pick up any pieces if there are any left." With a sadistic smirk, Filch walked off, leaving the kids alone with Hagrid.

"Right, listen up. Unicorns have been getting hurt and I found one badly injured last week. It's our job to find the poor thing and put it out of its misery," Hagrid told them and he shouldered his crossbow.

"What's that for?" Hermione asked and Hagrid looked at the Crossbow before shaking his head.

"Just a precaution," Hagrid explained as he led the way into the Forest with Fang following. Hermione nervously held onto Harry's arm.

They walked further into the wood when Hagrid came to a stop. "Okay, we'll cover more ground if we split up," he told them. "Neville, Hermione, you'll come with me, Draco and Harry, you'll go with Fang." They nodded as Hermione reluctantly let Harry's arm go and moved over to Hagrid as Fang moved over to Harry and Draco.

Hagrid, Neville and Hermione walked off with Hermione shooting Harry scared looks before she walked out of sight.

"Right, come on," Harry stated with a small sigh and Draco smirked.

"Relax, you'll get to see your girl soon," Draco grinned. Harry punched him on the shoulder as they walked off in the other direction with Fang following them.

"What do you think is hurting the unicorn?" Harry asked. "First, I thought it was a werewolf but, they're not fast enough." Draco nodded in agreement.

"That's what I thought first but I can't think of anything that would want to harm a unicorn," Draco admitted.

"How come you got detentions?" Harry asked and Draco rolled his eyes.

"I overheard that stupid bint, Pansy. When I heard that Neville was freaking out, I knew that you had gone ahead with taking the dragon out and I tried to find you to warn you but McGonagall caught me," Draco explained.

They both walked on a little further, deep in thoughts when a low whine came from Fang. Startled, they both looked at the dog before looking up and they saw a dead unicorn lying on the ground and a cloaked figure bent over it.

Harry hissed out a gasp as he clutched his scar in pain. Draco looked at Harry in concern before turning back toward the sight when the cloaked figure snapped it's cloaked head up. They could see the bottom lip covered in silver blood.

"Shit," Draco gasped out in understanding as the figure stood up. It was about to make it's way over to the two young boys when all of a sudden a figure came out of nowhere and reared their legs at the cloaked figure, scaring it off.

The figure turned around to see Harry and Draco examining him. Harry could see that it was a half man; half horse and the answer came to him. A Centaur.

"Are you two alright?" the creature asked and Draco nodded.

"Yes, thank you," Draco told him. "Who are you?"

"My name is Firenze," the centaur told him before turning his attention to Harry. "And you're Harry Potter!" he exclaimed. "The Forest is not safe for you."

"What was that thing?" Harry demanded and Firenze sighed as he looked at the dead unicorn before speaking to the boys once more.

“Do you know what Unicorn’s blood is used for?” Firenze asked. Draco and Harry looked at each other.

“Not really. It’s not in any of the potions books we read. We only use the horn and hair,” Draco told him and Firenze nodded.

“That’s because it’s a monstrous thing to slay something pure and defenceless just for their blood. What you don’t realise is that once unicorn blood touches your lips; it will save your life, even if you’re an inch from death but there’s a price. A terrible price. You will receive a half life, a cursed life,” Firenze explained.

“Who would do something like that?” Draco asked, horrified and Firenze looked at Harry.

“Can you not think of anyone who would do something like that?” Firenze asked and a light of understanding dawned on Harry as he stared at Firenze in horror.

“Wait. Are you saying that was Voldemort?” Harry demanded. Firenze just shot him a sharp look.

“Do not mention that name around here. There are many creatures who are still unsettled about You-Know-Who,” Firenze warned before bowing his head. “Now I must leave you. You are safe with Hagrid but I must ask you not to seek out the creature in here again,” Firenze told Harry before walking off as Hagrid walked up to Harry.

“Yer all right?” Hagrid asked and Harry nodded as he looked up at the man.

“Yeah, but I found the dead unicorn,” Harry told him as he pointed off into a distance and Hagrid sighed as he nodded.

“Thank you,” Hagrid replied. “Come on, I’d be best off getting you back to Hogwarts.” Hagrid led the way up to the castle with Neville practically clinging to his side. Hermione and Draco cuddled around Harry.

“What was that about?” Draco asked.

"Looks like Voldemort is the one who has been killing the unicorn, at least that's what Firenze told me." Hermione and Draco shared a look of fear as they turned back to Harry.

"What are we going to do?" Hermione asked and Harry shook his head.

"It's obvious that Voldemort wants the stone, but as long as there are traps in front of it, Snape won't be able to get to the stone easily," Harry told them. Draco looked unsure.

"But what if he does he get the stone?" Draco asked the one thing that was burning in their mind.

Chapter 8: Trap door, challenges and enemy faced.

It was now Exams time, much to the annoyance of Ron Weasley. He had been at the front line of Hermione's ferocious temper. Hermione had been driving everyone mad with studying for exams. Harry and Mia were okay about the exams because they had plenty of practice with the potions and spells with Narcissa and Sirius' teaching them since they could read.

"If she's like this now, what is she going to be like when the actual exams come?" Mia whispered as she leaned over to the boys. All three of them were watching Hermione flipping through the pages of her book and taking notes.

Ron paled at the thought.

"Oh, that's just brilliant, give me more nightmares why don't you?" he asked and Mia grinned.

"I'm just worried about her. I mean, we're only eleven and she's freaking out over our first year exams," she explained and Harry nodded in agreement.

"I have to agree with Mia," Harry told them. "She'll burn herself out before we know it."

Mia watched Hermione. She had been watching Hermione ever since they had saved her from the troll, and had grown closer. She was still hesitant about letting them see the real side of Hermione. She was trying to live up to the image of being a teacher's pet; one that Mia doubted will ever cease because she had a feeling that Hermione had been doing it for years.

She had asked Hermione about her past but Hermione had been kinda tight lipped about the whole thing, which told Mia that it wasn't a good experience. She had no problems talking about her parents, aunts, uncles and grandparents but any school friends or cousins had to be dragged out of her. It was like pulling teeth.

Mia was worried about Hermione. She had a feeling that Hermione was trying to keep her distance and that one-day, Harry, Ron and Mia

would turn their backs and leave her alone in the cold. Mia couldn't see a way to let Hermione know that wasn't going to happen.

"Mia..." Harry called out before waving his hand in front of Mia's face, bringing her back to reality. Mia blinked when Harry's hand came into her view and turned to face him.

"Yeah?" she asked, causing Harry and Ron to shoot her a concerned look.

"Are you okay?" Ron asked. "You kinda zoned out on us there," he explained and Mia nodded.

"Yeah, just thinking," she told them and they just sat there, waiting to see if she would continue. "I was just wondering about Hermione. Does it seem like she is kinda still keeping her distance?" she asked.

Ron and Harry looked toward Hermione and thought about it.

"Yeah, actually, now you mention it, she does. We talk and all that but she doesn't really let me in," Ron agreed. They both turned to Harry, who turned a bit pink.

"We talk," Harry admitted, causing Mia and Ron to share a smile. They had been watching Harry and Hermione interact and they found it amusing of how quickly the pair of them had taken with each other.

"You sure do," Ron told him and got a glare in return, causing him to hold up his hands, his face formed in an innocent expression.

"Does she tell you anything about her childhood?" Mia asked and Harry looked at her.

"Her parents and family," Harry told her and Mia nodded.

"Anything about cousins or school friends?" Mia asked and Harry shook his head, causing Mia to sigh. "That's what I'm worried about," she admitted. "I think that her school friends teased her and her cousins are not very friendly with her. It would explain why she is distant from us - probably second nature."

“So, what do we do?” Harry asked as he looked at Hermione, who was flipping through her notes. The way her brows furrowed as she bit her bottom lip caused Harry to smile slightly.

“I don’t know. I guess we’ll ask dad to see if he has any idea to help us,” Mia told him, watching Harry with an amused expression. Of all the time Harry had interacted with a girl at their primary school, nobody had ever held his attention like Hermione did.

She looked at Hermione once more and wondered what she could do to help build Hermione’s confidence up.

Soon the Exams were over, much to all the students’ relief, not that it stopped Hermione from talking about Exams. It turned out that she liked to go over their exams after they had done it. Not that Ron was happy about because just thinking of it just made him feel ill. Both, Mia and Harry begged Hermione to take a break from thinking about Exams and concentrated on the summer before them.

Ron breathed a sigh of relief as they all stepped out of Hogwarts and onto the ground.

“Oh, Exams are over!” he cheered as he raised his hands in the air. “Thank Merlin and to ever else is listening to me above.” He tilted his head back toward the sky, causing Mia to grin.

“And that probably be nobody,” Mia teased.

“Oi!” Ron replied, insulted, causing Hermione to laugh while Harry looked at Hagrid. Something clicked in his mind, causing him to stop walking and Ron to walk into him.

“Ow!” Harry moaned as he moved out of Ron’s way, rubbing the back of his ankle where Ron had kicked him by accident.

“Sorry,” Ron replied. “But if people actually quit stopping in front of me, I wouldn’t be kicking them.”

“Why did you stop?” Hermione asked and Harry looked at her.

“Don’t you think it’s weird that Hagrid had a dragon egg?” Harry asked. “I mean, think about, who walks around carrying a dragon egg with them?”

“So?” Mia asked, still not getting it but Hermione caught on.

“And that person chose Hagrid out so that means they must know him at some point because it’s not common knowledge that Hagrid would want a dragon as a pet,” Hermione added. Harry nodded in agreement before he turned on his heels and ran over to Hagrid’s hut with Ron, Hermione and Mia following.

“Hagrid!” Harry gasped once they came to a stop in front of Hagrid, who was sitting on the step of his hut, playing his flute.

“Hey kids, got your exams finished?” Hagrid asked.

“Yeah, listen. See the time you won that dragon egg of that stranger in the pub?” Harry asked and Hagrid nodded. “Did you ever get a good look at what he looked like?” Harry asked and Hagrid shook his head.

“He never took off his hood,” Hagrid explained and Harry nodded, expecting this.

“What did you talk about?” Harry asked, they both played over a game of poker so they must have talked about something, he thought.

“Creatures, said that he was real interested in creatures and wanted to know if I saw or knew any,” Hagrid explained.

“Did you say anything?” Harry asked and Hagrid nodded.

“Yeah, asked me if I could take care of a dragon. I told him that it would be easy after dealing with Fluffy.”

“Did he seem interested in Fluffy?” Harry asked and Hagrid raised an eyebrow.

“Of course he was interested. You don’t get to see many three-headed dogs about. I told him that it was real easy, just play some

music and Fluffy would go straight to sleep." He paled when he realised what he had given away.

Harry, Hermione, Ron and Mia looked at each other before running away, leaving Hagrid sitting alone.

"Where are you going?" Hagrid shouted but received no answers as the kids ran into the school, desperate to get to an adult who could help them.

"Who can we go to?" Mia asked.

"McGonagall," Harry told them as he led the way into her classroom, startling her as she sat at her desk.

"What is the meaning of this?" she demanded.

"Someone is going to steal the stone," Harry exclaimed, causing her to stare at him, shocked.

"What?" she demanded.

"Someone is going to steal the stone, tonight. You need to go down there to make sure no one steals it," Harry explained.

"I don't know how you know about the stone but I can assure you that it's perfectly safe," she informed them.

"Professor..." Mia started but McGonagall held up her hand.

"Please, I do not want to have to take off more points from my own house," she cut them off. "The stone is safe, so I suggest you all go out and enjoy your day," she informed them before bidding them a short nod. "Leave."

The kids left the classroom and walked down a little further down the hallway so that they were away from the door.

"What are we going to do if McGonagall doesn't believe us?" Ron asked and Harry sighed. He was about to answer but someone cut in.

“My, my, my,” a male voice stated and they turned to see Snape standing behind them. “Four Gryffindors all inside on a wonderful day. If you weren’t careful, one might think you were up to no good,” he told them.

“Keep walking Snape, this has nothing to do with you,” Mia jumped in and Snape looked at her. “Beside, people might get suspicious of a teacher talking to kids - ones that were in his rival’s house. One might think he was up to no good too.”

Snape hissed at her.

“I should take points off for your cheek Miss Black,” he told her and Mia arched an eyebrow. She never liked the guy and she wasn’t going to start now.

“Whatever,” she told him and Snape sneered.

“20 points for your cheek, Miss Black” and the potion master turned on his heels and walked away, leaving the kids behind before Harry turned back to them

“Greasy git,” Ron cursed, causing Mia and Harry to laugh while Hermione rolled her eyes at Ron before turning to Harry.

“What are we going to do?” Hermione repeated Ron’s question and Harry looked at her.

“We go down the trap door, tonight,” Harry told them and they nodded in agreement.

Late that night Harry looked at his watch and saw it was time to go; he looked over at Ron, who was lying in his bed too. He nodded as they both got out and pulled on their trainers.

They had gone to bed late after everyone else. The kids had dressed themselves in dark clothing so it was easy for them to move around the castle with less chance of being spotted and it was better than running about in their PJs.

They crept out of the room and met Hermione and Mia, who both were also dressed in black clothing and had their hair, tied back in ponytails.

“Ready?” Harry whispered and got nods in reply as he carried his bag that he had grabbed before coming out of his room. They made their way down the stairs till they reached the common room, where a fellow classmate intercepted them.

“Neville?” Ron whispered.

“I overheard you,” Neville told them. “I’m not going to let you lose more points for Gryffindor,” he informed before sticking up his fists into a boxer’s stance. “I’ll fight you if I have too.”

“I’m very sorry that I have to do this,” Hermione told Neville as she stepped forward before waving her wand. “Petrificus Totalus!” she called out.

Neville gasped as his arms pinned themselves to the side of his body and his legs slammed together before he flashed blue and fell backward to the ground with a thud.

“Bloody hell,” Ron whispered as he and Mia both shared a look of fear of their best friend before they turned to face her. “You’re scary,” Ron told her. “Bloody brilliant, but scary.”

Hermione just smirked before she placed her wand back into her back pocket and Harry shook his, amused.

“Come on, we’re wasting time,” Harry told them and they all walked out of the Common Room. Ron stopped before looking down at Neville and shrugged.

“Sorry, it’s for your own good,” Ron, explained before he hurried after the others and slipped under the invisibility cloak that they were under and they set off for the third corridor to stop the thieving of the stone.

They reached the door where Fluffy were being held and took a deep breath.

“Are we seriously going to go in the same room with a three-headed dog?” Ron asked and Mia nodded. Ron just turned back to face the door with a hint of fear on his face.

“We don’t have a choice,” Harry reminded before he stuffed the cloak into his bag and opened the door.

They all stepped into the room and saw a harp standing in the corner of the room, strumming away, Fluffy was sleeping with the Trap door opened.

“Looks like Snape magically enchanted the harp to play,” Hermione noticed and Harry agreed as he threw the bag into the corner behind the harp. They moved over to the trap the door while Mia hummed along with the tune, causing Ron and Hermione to look at her and Harry to smile at Mia’s familiar habit.

“What?” Mia asked. “I hum when I get nervous,” she replied, defensively. “Beside, I work better with music.” She started humming once more.

“I’ll go down first then I’ll call up to let you know that it’s okay,” Harry informed them and they nodded as the harp stopped but Mia’s humming didn’t.

Fluffy let out a snort before he shifted his heads before settling down once more. Harry just shot Fluffy a wary look before jumping in and landed on something soft. “It’s okay, come on down,” Harry called back and Hermione jumped in after him with Ron following a suit.

Mia stopped humming and took a deep breath only for the hair to rise up on the back of her neck. She looked up and saw Fluffy was now growling and closed her eyes, berating herself for stopping her humming. She opened her eyes and jumped in just as one of Fluffy’s head tore off the trap door and she landed on something soft.

She looked at the others.

“What the heck are we on?” she demanded as she looked around as Hermione’s gasped.

“It’s the Devil’s Snare!” Hermione exclaimed.

“That’s good that we know what it is, but why is it here?” Ron asked.

“To kill us,” Mia remarked, causing Ron to look at her in shock,

“What?” he shouted.

“You have to relax,” Hermione told him. “If you don’t, it’ll just kill you quicker,” she added in and Mia winced.

“Bad thing to say,” Mia told Hermione, who watched as Ron freaked out and started fighting at the plant even harder. Hermione just huffed as she relaxed herself before she felt herself moving down through the plant.

“Hermione!” Harry shouted.

“Will you just relax?” Hermione shouted back. Harry looked at Mia, who nodded before he closed his eyes and relaxed his body and felt himself sinking through the plant.

“Ow!” Harry groaned as he fell onto his backside before getting up, rubbing his wrist.

“Are you okay?” Hermione asked as she hurried over to him and he smiled.

“Yeah, just wasn’t expecting the drop,” he admitted as the plant opened once more and Mia dropped down to her feet and hands, bending her knees. “And you were expecting the drop,” Harry pointed out and Mia arched an eyebrow.

“The plant let us go down, obviously there was going to be a drop,” Mia explained and Hermione nodded before she looked up at the plant and let out a sigh.

“He’s not relaxing is he?” Hermione asked and they all looked up at the plant where they could hear Ron yelling their name.

“Nope,” Harry confirmed.

“Do you remember what Madam Sprout said, Devil Snare, likes the dark and the damp...”

“But sulks in the sun!” Hermione exclaimed before she threw up her wand. “INCENDIO!” she shouted and a bright blue light shot out from her wand, causing the Devil Snare to retreat and Ron to fall to the ground with a loud thud.

“Lucky we didn’t panic,” Ron stated as Mia helped him up. Harry shot him a look.

“Lucky that Hermione pays attention in Herbology,” Harry retorted as they made their way into the next room with a large door on the other side.

A broom hovered in the middle of the room and there were fluttering above them. Ron and Hermione hurried over to the door while Mia walked around. Hermione tried to the unlocking spell but it didn’t work, much to her frustration.

“It doesn’t work!” she exclaimed and Ron moved closer to the door then looked toward the air.

“Those aren’t birds,” he exclaimed. “They’re keys!”

“So that means one of them fits that door,” Harry told him and Ron nodded as Mia tilted her head.

“The one with the blue wings - it’s wings are bent so I’m guessing it been used,” Mia told them. They looked up to see the key she had spotted. One side of the wings were bent and Harry moved over to the broom before looking up at Hermione.

“It’s too easy,” he told her and Hermione smiled as she shook her head.

“You’re the seeker Harry, seek,” she told him and he grinned back before he got on the broom and flew up while Mia hurried over to the door.

Harry flew around the room, chasing the key with the blue wings with all the other keys attacking him to stop him from taking it. He grabbed the key before speeding ahead of the other keys and threw it down to Hermione, who caught it as Harry passed by.

Hermione hurried over to the door and slammed the key into the lock and unlocked it. Mia and Ron helped her open the door and they stepped through just as Harry came back into the clearing once more and flew into the opening.

Once he was through, the three of them slammed the door shut behind him just as the keys slammed into the wooden door.

“That was too close,” Ron, muttered as Harry climbed off his broom and got a nod in agreement as they moved into the next room.

They found themselves surrounded by large statues. The minute they stepped up, fire lit up from all the corners and they found themselves staring at white statues.

“What is it?” Mia asked and Ron looked up before grinning broadly.

“It’s a chessboard!” Ron exclaimed and Mia froze on the spot, causing everyone to look at her.

“Hagrid, Professor Sprout, Professor McGonagall, they’re all teachers who are protecting the stones, except from Hagrid. I suspect they used Fluffy because not many students would dare to go near a three-headed dog,” Mia explained and Hermione nodded in agreement.

“Wait a minute, if this is a chessboard,” Harry started and they nodded. “Then it’s like wizard’s chess.” They all stared at each other, not knowing what to say.

“So we have to play?” Mia asked and Ron looked over at the chess pieces before gulping.

“Yes, I suspect so,” Ron told them and Hermione let out a small squeak, causing Harry to reach out and grab her hand.

“We’re gonna be okay,” Harry told her and she just looked at him.

“Okay, Harry, you take the bishop, Hermione, the castle, Mia, the rook, I’ll be the knight,” Ron told them and they nodded as they made their way over to their places and let the game begin.

Soon, nearly all the black pieces were gone due to the white pieces being merciless. Ron looked around when Mia spoke up.

“I have to move,” Mia told them and they looked at her. “I have to go,” she admitted and Harry shook his head.

“No, Mia...” Harry told her and Ron sighed.

“Sorry Harry, she’s right,” Ron explained. “She needs to go forward so I can take up my place then you can checkmate the king.” He turned to Mia and nodded. Mia stepped forward only for the knight to step forward and hit her with his flat of his sword, knocking her unconscious.

“Mia!” Hermione started to go forward but Harry and Ron held up their hands.

“NO!” they both shouted and Hermione stopped in place. “We’re still playing,” Ron reminded and Hermione stepped back into her place and nodded as Ron looked around before sighing. “I have to give myself up, it’s the only way,” Ron told them.

Harry looked at him and saw the determination in his eyes. “You need to stop Snape, you’re the only one who can do so,” Ron told him and Harry nodded. Ron moved his piece forward and stopped in front of the queen. “Check,” he told her and she lifted her sword and plunged it into the horse’s side, causing Ron to fall free from the horse, unconscious as well.

Harry moved forward and stopped in front of the king.

“Check Mate,” he told the king in a loud clear voice. The king dropped his sword, announcing the game was over. Harry and Hermione made their way over to their knocked out friends before Hermione grabbed his arm.

“It’s not finished yet,” she whispered and Harry nodded as they both got up and made their way over to the other end of the room, where they had been blocked from going in the first place.

Harry and Hermione made their way through the next room only to stop when they saw the troll knocked out.

“Oh god,” Hermione moaned as she covered her mouth and nose.

“Thank god we didn’t have to fight this one,” Harry told her and Hermione nodded in agreement. This troll was larger than the one they had fought at Halloween and they made their way into the small room. There was a purple flame at one end as they moved closer and saw 7 different shaped bottles standing on the shelves only for a huge black flame to shoot up at the entrance that they just came through, trapping them.

Hermione looked at the bottles before looking at Harry, who nodded in agreement.

“Snape’s,” they both stated at the same time before Hermione picked up the note.

“Danger lies before you, while safety lies behind,

Two of us will help you, whichever you would find,

One among us seven will let you move ahead,

Another will transport the drinker back instead,

Two among us our number only hold nettle wine,

Three of us are killers, waiting hidden in line,

Choose, unless you wish to stay here for evermore,

To help you in your choice, we give you these clues four:

First, however slyly the poison tried to hide

You will always find some on the nettle wine’s left side;

*Second, different are those who stand at either side,
But if you would move onward, neither is your friend;
Third, as you see clearly, all are different size,
Neither dwarf nor giant holds death in their insides;
Fourth, the second left and the second on the right
Are twins once you taste them, though different at first sight."*

She sighed as she looked at the bottles before looking at the note, taking care at looking at each bottles before separating them all so that three bottles stood together, two bottles stood together, the smallest bottle stood on it on and a round bottle stood on it's own.

"I'm guessing you have a reason for doing that?" Harry asked and Hermione smiled as she nodded.

"Yes, the smallest bottle will allow you to go through the purple flame, move forward while the rounded bottle will let us go back through where we just came through," Hermione explained and Harry looked at the smallest bottle.

"There's not enough for both of us," Harry whispered and Hermione felt fear clutched at her as Harry turned to face her. "You take the rounded bottle and go back. Get Hedwig and try and send a message to McGonagall as soon as you can and take Ron and Mia to the hospital wing," Harry told her.

"What about you?" Hermione asked and Harry smiled sadly.

"I've got to stop Snape from taking the stone for Voldemort," Harry told her and Hermione shook her head.

"What if you face Voldemort?" she whispered and Harry shrugged.

"I've had training, beside, I got lucky once, I might get lucky again," he told her and she threw herself at him and hugged him.

“You’re a powerful wizard, you’ll make it,” she whispered and Harry grinned.

“You’re the one with all the knowledge,” he told her and she laughed as she pulled away.

“Books and cleverness are not everything. There’s friendship, courage...” she trailed off before shaking her head. “Come back alive,” she whispered and he nodded.

“Take a drink, you need to go back,” he told her and she nodded as she took a sip from the round bottle before shivering. “What does it feel like?” he asked.

“Like ice,” she admitted and he nodded as he watched as she walked through the black flame before turning to face the purple flame and took the drink. He shivered when he felt the ice and walked through the purple flame only to see the last person he ever expected to see, standing in front of the Mirror of Erised.

“You?” Harry demanded to the person and got a sadistic grin in return.

“Yes, it is I, professor Quirrell,” the turbaned professor told him and Harry shook his head.

“But Snape...”

“Yes, Snape, he did make himself a likely suspect didn’t he?” Quirrell asked. “Beside him, who was suspect p-p-poor s-s-stuttering p-p-professor Quirrell,” the man stuttered out before returning back to his normal voice.

“But Snape tried to kill me,” Harry stated and he laughed.

“No, it was I my dear boy, and I would have done it, even with Snape muttering his little counter curse,” Quirrell muttered, bitterly.

“Snape tried to save me?” Harry asked, surprised and sceptically.

“Yes, why else do you think he wanted to referee the next match?” Quirrell informed him. “Not that I could do anything with Dumbledore there.”

“Then you let the troll in,” Harry caught on. “You’re the reason why Hermione almost died!”

“Very good, Mr Potter,” Quirrell smirked. “But it didn’t work. Snape headed me off before I got to the third floor corridor and never left me alone after that.” He turned back to face the mirror. “But he doesn’t understand, I’m never alone.”

Harry looked at him, confused about what he was talking about. Quirrell looked into the mirror. “I see me holding the stone but how do I get it?” he muttered.

“Use the boy,” a faint hissing voice whispered throughout the room. Harry looked around, wondering who else was in the room with them as Quirrell spun around and snapped his fingers at him.

“Come here boy!” he demanded but Harry just stood in place before smirking.

“What the matter? Imperious not working?” he asked.

“How...?” Quirrell moaned out.

“Looks like you’re not the only one keeping secrets,” Harry taunted before he turned around. He tried to run back up the stairs only for Quirrell to snap his fingers and flames shot up at every entrance and exit, stopping Harry.

Harry turned back to face Quirrell before moving toward the mirror.

“Tell me, what do you see?” Quirrell asked and Harry looked into the mirror and saw himself - taking the stone out of his pocket then the image of him winked before slipping it into his pocket and Harry felt the real stone slide into his pocket. “What do you see?” Quirrell demanded and Harry stared right at the mirror.

“I see myself shaking hands with Professor McGonagall, I’ve won the house cup and she’s delighted,” Harry lied.

“He lies!” the hissing voice came back.

“Don’t lie!” Quirrell demanded and Harry looked up at him.

“I’m not lying!” he shot at Quirrell.

“Let me speak to him,” the hissing voice told him and Quirrell turned away.

“But, Master, you’re not strong enough,” Quirrell whimpered.

“I’m strong enough for this!” the voice hissed and Quirrell started undoing his turban.

Harry watched in morbid fascination as Quirrell finally finished untying his turban and pulled the cloth away to reveal a face on the back of his head. “Harry Potter,” the voice stated.

“Voldemort,” Harry stated and the face smiled.

“Very good, look what I have resorted to,” Voldemort told him. “With that stone in your hand, I can have a body again. We could rule together.” Harry shot him a sarcastic smile.

“You’ll understand that I have to pass that on,” Harry remarked and Voldemort’s face turned serious.

“Together, we could bring your parents and Aunt Callie back,” Voldemort told Harry and Harry looked at the mirror to see the three of them standing there. “Wouldn’t you like that?” he asked and Harry looked at him.

“Not enough to make me risk my soul,” Harry informed him and Voldemort lost it.

“Kill him!” Voldemort screamed and Quirrell spun around and launched himself at Harry and grabbed his throat.

Harry grabbed his wrist and twisted it as hard as he could before Quirrell let out a scream of agony and smoke to appear from his wrist. Harry let him go and looked at his hands before he looked at Quirrell, whose hand was now crumbling.

“What magic is this?” Quirrell demanded.

“KILL HIM!” Voldemort screamed once more only for Harry’s eyes to darken.

“Go to hell, Voldemort,” Harry hissed before he rushed over and planted his hands on Quirrell’s face and watched as it crumbled beneath his hands.

Harry took a step back as Quirrell’s form crumbled before watching as Quirrell fell to his knees and landed face down, dust filling the ground. Harry sighed as he stepped over to the stone and picked it up before spinning around as Voldemort’s soul rose up from Quirrell’s now crumbled form and passed his way through Harry’s body.

Harry felt his eyes roll up into the back of his head before he fell backward onto the ground as blackness claimed its victim.

The stone shone brightly from where it was lying in his hand before twinkling slightly then the fire went out, leaving Harry alone in the darkness.

Chapter 9: The End Of Term

Harry moaned slightly as he opened his eyes and saw a blurry face in front of him. He felt something cold and hard pressed against his face and soon his vision came into view. His glasses were put on him and saw that he was looking up into Mia's blue eyes.

"Hey bro, Hermione is having a fit right now about you being in hospital, Draco thinks it hilarious and Dad is going nuts too. Dumbledore thinks it's great because he's now convinced that he can tempt you in giving up dad and going to the Dursleys, where it's 'safe'," Mia told him, using her fingers as quotes. Harry smiled.

"And I'm glad to see that my near death didn't make you worry at all," he informed her as he got up and Mia waved her hand as she helped him.

"Are you kidding, you're the type of person you can't get rid of," Mia teased and Harry laughed as he rested his back on the pillow.

"So, what happened?" Harry asked and Mia sighed as she shifted on his bed, crossing her legs. Harry saw that was dressed in her PJs too and her hair were pulled up into a ponytail.

"Quirrell's dead," she told him and Harry frowned slightly from the memory.

"I know, I killed him or my mother's love for me did. He grabbed my throat and I grabbed his wrists and it started smoking. When I pulled my hands away, his hands were dust," he explained and Mia smiled sadly.

"Well, it's either to do with your mother's love or the fact you're fire," Mia pointed out and Harry grinned.

"I get the feeling that it's my mother's love," Harry told her.

"Dumbledore found you, Hermione told me that he just rushed past her when she came to get us and ran into the place where you were. Don't ask me how he knew because I don't have a clue," Mia told him and Harry sighed.

“I guess we have to think of the possibility that he had been waiting for this,” Harry admitted and Mia looked at him. “How is Hermione?” Harry asked.

“Furious, she’s torn between ripping out her hair or strangling you,” Mia told him with a smirk and he shot her a hurt look.

“Oh that’s nice, tease the boy who’s already in the hospital wing,” Harry told her and Mia laughed.

“Relax, Madam Pomfrey managed to calm her down and told her you wouldn’t be out too long. She’ll be relieved to see that you’re awake,” Mia explained and Harry smiled.

“Ah, Mr Potter!” a female voice cracked and they both turned to see a tall plump lady dressed in purples robes making her way over to them. “You’re finally awake I see.”

“Morning Madam Pomfrey,” Harry greeted and she tutted as she pulled out her wand and started making diagnostic while Mia hopped off the bed.

“I’d better get changed, I’m being release from here today, catch you in the common room?” Mia asked as she looked at Harry, who nodded.

Harry was currently packing his stuff that he had received from his well wishers over the time he had been in the hospital wing when the doors opened. Harry lifted his head and saw a familiar figure making his way into the wing.

“Ah, Mr Potter, you’re awake,” Dumbledore stated as he walked over to the bed and Harry groaned inwardly, keeping a neutral expression on his face.

“And alive, as you can see,” Harry replied and Dumbledore smiled benevolently.

“Now, as much I’m glad to see that you are alive and well, I was hoping I could convince you to take appropriate measures for your own safety and head to your aunt’s house this summer where the

blood protection will keep you safe," Dumbledore told him and Harry sighed.

"No," Harry stated and Dumbledore looked over his spectacles to look at the boy.

"No?" Dumbledore asked and Harry nodded.

"No, I do not wish to spend the summer with relatives who do not care for my well being. I may be young but I do remember how they treated me when I stayed there for a short period and doesn't blood protection only work when I call a place home?" he asked. Dumbledore stayed silent. "So, how will the blood protection work when I don't call the Dursleys' my home? Besides, I love my home and I wish to be with my sister and uncle this summer."

"Harry, Sirius betrayed your parents!" Dumbledore exclaimed and Harry snorted.

"Forgive me when I say I know you don't believe that all at," Harry told him. "Uncle Sirius didn't betray my parents and you can rest knowing that the person who did betray my parents will get what's coming to them."

"Harry, talking like this will do you no good," Dumbledore protested and Harry shook his head.

"Sticking my head in the sand and ignoring the world around me is not going to do me any good either!" Harry exclaimed, startling the headmaster. "You know just as well as I do that Voldemort is going to come back and when he does come back, I'm the only one who can take him down." Realisation dawned on Dumbledore.

"You know," he whispered and Harry looked at him.

"Yes, I know," he replied, his expression unreadable and his voice emotionless. "So, if you excuse me, sir, I have to get ready and packed before Hermione gives me a lecture." Harry grabbed his wand and left the Hospital Wing with Dumbledore staring after his back.

Harry made his way into the Gryffindor Common room only to have his back slam into a wall and a face full of bushy hair and steel wrapped around his chest, crushing him.

“Hermione, air...” Harry choked out. Hermione pulled herself away from him, blushing and apologising at the same time.

“Oh! I’m sorry!” she exclaimed. “You just worried me so much!” Harry placed a hand on her shoulder and Hermione stopped talking. She took a deep breath before letting it out slowly and Harry smiled softly.

“Just take a deep breath and relax. I’m fine and I’m alive,” he told her and she nodded before glaring at him.

“You’re still in my bad book though,” she told him and Harry shot her a shocked wounded look.

“What? Why?” he asked and she glared at him.

“For almost getting yourself killed!” she informed him before walking off as Mia came up behind Harry, laughing.

“Oh man,” she choked out. “The look on your face!”

“It’s not funny,” Harry shot at her and Mia rolled her eyes.

“Sorry, I beg to differ,” Mia replied and shook her head. “Only she would be extremely happy that you’re still alive but put you in her bad book for almost getting yourself killed.” Harry just pouted at her, causing Mia to grin amused. “Relax, I’m sure you’ll be back in her good book sooner or later,” Mia informed him before patting his shoulder and walked up the stairs to the girls dormitory so she could finish packing her stuff up.

Harry just slumped his shoulders before making his way up the stairs till he reached the boys’ dormitory. He made his way into the room where he saw Ron, Dean, Seamus and Neville were lazing about in the room and Harry smiled when he saw them.

“Glad to see that you’re not worried about anything,” Harry informed them, startling them all. Ron grinned.

"Hey, you got out of the Hospital Wing!" Ron greeted as he sat up. Harry nodded as he made his way over to his trunk and opened it and started packing his stuff.

"You're packing already?" Neville asked and Harry shrugged.

"Yeah, if I don't pack the night before, Mia will kick my butt," Harry explained and Dean shook his head.

"I know she's your sister mate, but she is one scary lass," Dean told him and Harry grinned.

"She ought to be, she had time to perfect it," Harry told him with a sly smirk and Dean shook his head.

"She's not the type of person I want to meet alone in a dark alley," he told Harry. Ron burst into laughter of agreement while Harry shook his head, amused before he turned to Neville.

"How are you?" Harry asked. "Hermione was pretty upset that she petrified you." Neville gave him a sheepish smile.

"I'm fine, you should have seen McGonagall's face when she found me though," Neville told him with a shake of his head. "I thought she was going to have a fit!"

"Did anyone else come in?" Harry asked. "Did McGonagall say why she came here?" Harry asked and Neville shrugged.

"Dumbledore came in; he took one look at me and rushed back out. McGonagall asked me what happened and some kind of understanding dawned on her before she rushed out too," Neville explained. Harry and Ron exchanged a meaningful look

"What are you all up to this summer?" Seamus asked and they looked at him.

"Mia and I are going to be busy this summer. My uncle has things in store for us," Harry answered.

"My family are taking me on holiday this summer," Dean joined in.

“I’m staying at home this summer,” Ron told them and Seamus nodded in agreement.

“Same here,” Seamus grinned.

“My Gran is taking me with her to go and visit her friends,” Neville told them with a small wince and they smiled sympathetically at him.

“I’m sure it will be okay,” Harry told him sympathetically and Neville sighed.

“Yeah, I mean, some of the women are pretty cool. It’s just the ones who act like they are above everyone...” he trailed off and the rest nodded, getting the message.

“We will be thinking of you,” Ron told him with a serious expression before everyone cracked up laughing, even Neville as he pushed Ron away, teasingly.

Mia was packing her stuff into her trunk when she saw Hermione come into the bedroom.

“Hey Hermione,” Mia greeted and Hermione smiled.

“Hey,” Hermione greeted as she moved over to her bed and placed the last of her books into the trunk before closing it and Mia smirked.

“Better make sure you gave all the books back to Madam Prince,” Mia told her and Hermione looked at her, startled before she let out a small laugh.

“I gave them all back to her,” Hermione assured as she sat down on the bed and Mia sighed as she sat down on her bed, across from Hermione.

“When are you going to let us in?” Mia asked and Hermione tilted her head slightly, confused.

“I don’t...”

“You’re distant from us,” Mia interrupted. “You keep your distance from us because you think we’re going to turn around and say that we don’t want to be your friend, that it was a mistake. You think we think you’re just a bookworm who is only good for helping us.” Hermione looked away from Mia and Mia sighed as she slid off the bed and knelt down in front of Hermione and cupped Hermione’s chin, turning her to face Mia.

Mia felt her heart break when she saw the tears filming Hermione’s brown eyes. “Hermione, that’s never going to happen,” she whispered. “Draco, Harry and I are loyal no matter what. You saved Harry’s life, you helped Harry get past Snape’s puzzle to finally stop Voldemort and you are a part of us. You’ve always been a part of us considering the fact you are an elemental like us. You’re water, the one who keeps us calm.”

“It’s just...”

“Second nature?” Mia filled in and Hermione nodded. “I guessed that, you have no problem talking about your parents, aunts, uncles, grandparents and teachers but whenever I ask you of school friends and cousins, you go all vague and change the conversation so I took a guess and came to the conclusion that you didn’t really have many friends,” Mia explained.

“I’m sorry,” Hermione whispered and Mia shook her head before cupping Hermione’s cheek.

“You have nothing to be sorry for, it’s your classmates and cousins who should be sorry, and it’s their loss if they don’t notice how amazing you are. You helped Harry, Ron and I in our class, you helped Harry and you saved Harry’s life. You’re loyal and that’s what makes you a good friend,” she pulled her hand away. “We’re not going to turn around and drop you like you’re nothing and if that ever happens, then you can be assured that we’re under the imperious curse or being impersonated!”

Hermione let out a small giggle as she wiped away her tears and Mia grinned. “Of course, I’m pretty sure Harry would be able to convince you better,” she teased and squealed when she felt a soft kick in her side from where Hermione kicked her.

“It’s not funny!” Hermione shot at her, blushing and Mia grinned.

“Oh come on, the pair of you are so attracted to each other that you could light up the whole of the world with the chemistry between you!” Mia exclaimed and Hermione blushed even deeper before Mia’s grin faded and she became serious once more. “I swear Hermione, none of us are going to hurt you like that, you can trust us and we’ll be here for you, no matter how long it takes,” Mia promised. Hermione smiled shyly before Mia grinned once more. “So, wanna come up to our house this summer?” she asked.

Harry was waiting at the bottom of the stairs when he heard footsteps and saw Mia coming down with a small soft smile.

“Hey,” Harry greeted and Mia nodded in reply, causing Harry to stand alert. “What happened?” he asked and she shook her head.

“Hermione and I just had a talk about her being distant and all that,” Mia explained and Harry sighed.

“How did it go?” he asked and she grinned.

“I told her that none of us were going to turn around and say that it was a mistake to be her friends and if it does happen, she can count on it being via impostors or imperious,” Mia explained and Harry grinned.

“Do you think she believed you?” Harry asked and Mia shrugged.

“I don’t know but I also told her that when she’s ready, we’ll be waiting right here for her, no matter what,” Mia told him and Harry agreed.

“I’m gonna wait for her, you can go down to the Great Hall,” Harry told her and Mia nodded as she kissed Harry’s cheek before leaving the common room while Harry paced the front of the stairs once more when he heard footsteps.

He turned to see Hermione coming down the stairs and he stopped. “Hey,” Harry greeted and Hermione’s head snapped up and smiled when she saw him.

“Hey,” she greeted.

“Mia told me,” Harry explained and Hermione blushed slightly as she nodded when she came to a stop next to him. “She’s right you know,” Harry told her. “We’re not just gonna drop you. We’re not like that.”

“I know, its just second nature,” she admitted and Harry nodded. “I promise I’ll work on it,” she told him and he grinned.

“Now, would you like to accompany me to the Great Hall?” Harry asked, sticking out his elbow and Hermione smiled as she slipped her hand through his and they both made their way to the Great Hall for the end of term feast and for the awarding of the house cup.

Everyone was settled in their seats while the Slytherin were all smirking proudly while Draco was trying to hide his head behind his goblet at the whole thing while Harry looked on in amusement.

Dumbledore stood up as McGonagall tapped her goblet, causing everyone to settle down and look toward the head table.

“Another year gone,” Dumbledore started. “And I now understand that the house cup needs awarding. In fourth place, with 292 points – Gryffindor. Third place, with 352 points – Hufflepuff. Second Place, with 426 points – Ravenclaw. And first place, with 472 points – Slytherin.”

A loud cheer came from the Slytherin table while everyone else clapped slowly before they all turned to face the head table once more with Snape sitting there, satisfied with his house winning.

“Yes, Yes, well done Slytherin,” Dumbledore told them as everyone calmed down. “But...” Snape’s satisfied look started to fade and the Slytherin looked at Dumbledore at this. “Due to recent events, extra points need to be awarded.” Everyone started whispering among themselves.

“I wish to award 50 points...to Miss Hermione Granger for her cool head and use of logic,” Dumbledore told them and Hermione blushed like mad as Harry clapped her on the back while everyone whistled and cheered. “50 points to ...Mr Ronald Weasley for his strategy at

Wizard Chess." Ron just looked around, shocked at what had happened. "And 20 points to Miss Mia Black for her self sacrifice in order for good to win." Mia just rolled her eyes in annoyance before Dumbledore turned to Harry. "And 60 points to Mr Harry Potter for have the courage to go against something to save the school." Everyone cheered and they could hear the Gryffindor shouting that they were tied with Slytherin. "And not last, it takes a lot of courage to stand up to your enemies but it takes a deal lot more to stand up to your friends, I want to award 10 points to Mr Neville Longbottom."

Everyone, except the Slytherin, cheered. For the first time in ages, Gryffindor has won the house cup!

McGonagall clapped her hands at she smiled proudly at her house while Neville just sat there, stunned and frozen at what had happened.

"Now, I see there is a need of change of decorations," Dumbledore told them all as he clapped his hands and the Slytherin Banners changed itself into the Gryffindor Banners and everyone threw up their hats in happiness while the Slytherin just sat there, stumped over their loss of winning the house cup for the first time in years.

"I can't believe we've won the house cup!" Hermione exclaimed.

"Or the Quidditch cup," Ron added in as they made their way to the Gryffindor's common room for people to finish their packing for tomorrow, where they will be going home for the summer.

"I know," Mia told them with a shake of her head before smirking. "But I can't believe we're going home tomorrow!" she exclaimed and Harry laughed as they made their way over to the couch and chairs.

"I know, back home to our own beds and room," Harry told her and Mia sighed in contentment.

"I can't wait, my own bed in my own bedroom without sharing with anyone else," Mia told them. "Heaven."

"Yeah, I gotta agree with you there," Ron told her. "Though my house is kinda full." They smiled at him.

“I think it time we go to bed now, we need to get up early,” Hermione explained and they all nodded in agreement as they made their way to their rooms and fell asleep, shattered from the day’s activities.

The next day, when everyone was taking their trunks down to the hall to be taken to the train, they received their exams results and Harry was pleasantly surprised to see that he had faired well, and so had Ron, much to his relief. Hermione got full marks for the whole thing, much to Mia’s amusement.

“At least mum isn’t going to do her nut,” Ron told him and Harry laughed as they made their way over to the carriages.

“At least we don’t have to use the boat this time,” Hermione told them as she climbed into one of the carriage and Mia grinned as she waved toward Neville, who was obviously delighted with the carriage.

“I think Neville agrees with you,” Mia told her as she climbed in after Hermione and Ron grinned as he saw Neville climb into one of the carriage with Dean and Seamus.

“He hated the boat on the way, though it could be due to the squid,” Ron stated as he climbed in and Harry laughed as he climbed in after Ron, holding on to Hedwig’s cage as he did.

“I like the squid,” Harry told them as he sat down and closed the door, placing Hedwig’s cage in the middle of him and Hermione.

“Of course you would, he doesn’t squirt water at you every time you walk by the damn lake,” Ron grumbled out, causing Mia and Hermione to burst out laughing while Harry grinned. It seemed that the Squid was very fond of the Weasley boy and seemed to squirt water at him whenever he walked by but none of them knew what the squid was really feeling.

“It is quite funny when he does that,” Mia admitted and Ron shot her a mock glare as the carriage started off. Harry looked down at Hedwig.

“Here girl,” he cooed as he pulled out an owl treat for her and slipped it through the bars. She took it with a small hoot and a small nibble of

his fingers. Harry hadn't wanted her to go off with the trunks and all that - she had been freaking out whenever Mrs Norris went near her and it made Harry worried enough that he decided to take her with him.

"It's good to be going home," Ron stated and Harry looked up at him and smiled in agreement.

"I have to agree, it's nice to relax from a year of havoc," Harry admitted and Mia sighed as rested her head on the headrest.

"Do you think we'll have a normal Voldemort free teacher next year?" Mia asked and Ron shuddered at the name.

"I sure hope so, I don't fancy bumping into another three-headed dog, devil snare, a massive wizard chess or any more dragons thank you," Ron told her and Mia grinned as Hermione shook her head.

"I seriously doubt we'll meet anymore dangerous animals next year," Hermione told him. "Beside, Harry defeated Voldemort this year, I doubt Voldemort will try and come back again."

"Hm, never underestimate evil, Hermione," Mia told her. "They always try and find some way to come back."

"Maybe they could give us a break," Ron suggested and they all stared at each other before laughing their heads off as the carriage came to a stop.

Hermione and Ron exited the carriage when Mia stopped Harry and pulled out her wand. She waved it over Harry and he frowned when he saw himself glowing purple.

"Tracking charm," he muttered and Mia nodded as she tapped Harry's head to dispel the charm. Then she waved her wand over herself and found herself glowing blue.

"Hm, they turned you into a portkey," Harry told her and she shot him an annoyed glare before tapping herself on the head, dispelling the charm. They exited it and moved over to the train, when Hagrid called out.

“Harry!” he called out and Harry looked over to him. “Can you come here a mo?” he asked and Harry nodded as he turned to the others.

“You go and grab a compartment, I’ll be back soon,” he told them and they nodded as Hermione took Hedwig and they all entered the train while Harry hurried over Hagrid. “Hey Hagrid.”

“Here, I wanted to give you an early birthday present,” Hagrid, told him as he handed a Harry a thick book. Harry took it and opened it only to smile when he saw a picture of his parents. James was holding baby Harry in his arms while Lily kissed the back of Harry’s hand every now and then. Harry looked up at Hagrid.

“Thanks,” he whispered and Hagrid nodded.

“You have a good summer, you hear me?” Hagrid asked and Harry hugged him, startling the kind giant before he smiled and patted Harry’s back. Harry pulled away and hurried over the train, stepped in and slid the door shut before he made his way over to the compartment with his friends. He, Mia, Ron and Hermione stuck their heads out of the train window with the rest of the school and they all waved to Hagrid, who waved back.

They settled back in their seat and relaxed for the whole ride, laughing over the photographs in the photo albums that Harry had received and just talking about nothing.

Soon the train came to a halt outside the train station. They climbed off the Hogwarts Express and grabbed their trolleys with their stuff on it and made their way over to the barrier. Ron moved over to his family, where his mother, dad and little sister were standing off to one side, beaming at their son. Mia and Harry led the way over to a wall and pulled out a book and Mia tapped it twice with her wand.

“Harry and I are taking the portkey home, saves Dad from having to pick us up and getting captured by either Dumbledore or the Ministry,” Mia explained to Hermione’s curious look and Hermione gave an understanding smile.

“Hermione!” a female voice called out and everyone turned to see a tall man with black hair and brown eyes were standing next to a

shorter female with deep brown eyes and long brown bushy hair, but it was more like curls than bushy.

“Those are my parents - I’d better go,” Hermione told them and they nodded as Hermione moved closer to Harry.

“See you later Harry,” Hermione told him before she reached up and kissed him on the cheek before hugging him and pulling away, a faint pink blush covering her cheek as she took a step back and Mia grinned when she saw Harry’s dopey smile before looking at Hermione.

“You’re definitely coming up this summer?” Mia asked and Hermione gave her thumbs up.

“Catch you later,” she called back before getting into her parents’ car and Mia grinned at Harry, who was now blushing as they took a hold of the book and was spirited away.

Now, the summer was going to be fun.

The End/TBC

